MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XL.:::NO. 4. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880. WHOLE NUMBER 2024.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING."

No. 13 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St. (Opposite the New Post Office,) BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square, of eight lines, one month, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50cts.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 20 cents a year to all parts of the United States.

Editorial.

"HISTORY OF THE MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY."

We have before us a substantial volume of over hundred pages, in handsome typography, containing a full and carefully prepared History of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society from 1829 to 1878. There was a movement towards the preparation of a history of this character five-and-twenty years ago, and five and six years later the matter was again considered. Nothing was done until 1861, when a committee was appointed to execute the design. They were authorized to collect and publish a complete record of the proceedings of the Society from 1829 to 1862, inclusive. Rev. Luther Farnham was appointed editor, who proceeded to prepare the history as directed. It was announced in the following year that it needed revision, and there the subject rested for some fifteen years. It was then placed in the hands of a new committee, who turned over to Mr. Robert Manning, the present secretary, the material already collected, and selected him as the editor. Within a few years before the history of the first quarter of the Society's existence. Altogether, it is believed to comprise a fuller account of the commencement and progress of horticulture throughout our country than can be found anywhere else. A multitudinous variety of old papers and town records have been levied upon for the supply of many facts of genuine and general interest. An excellent steel-engraved likeness of Henry A. S. Dearborn, the first president of the Society, prefaces the volume most appropriately. Views of the Halls erected by the Society are also given in the body of the book. The appendix is to be found a list of all the officers and members of the Society from its foundation. The introduction contains a sketch of the history of horticulture in the United States up to 1829, and especially in Massachusetts, previous to the formation of the Society. This is horticultural history in the purest sense. Scarcely settlers brought over with them that love of gardening which they had in their former homes, and hence they are to be found cultivating around vegetables, then regarded as luxuries; whereas the cultivation of flowers neglected. The introduction forms an exceedingly interesting piece of reading. We have, as the titles of the different chapters,—the organization and object of the Society; Mount Auburn purchased by the Horticultural Society, and an experimental garden and cemetery established; the separation of the garden and cemetery interests; the Society's finances; the rooms that have been occupied by the Society; the Society's library; the Society's exhibitions, taking up three chapters; and a general review of the work and influence of the Society. The appendix contains the act of incorporation; the standing committees, 1829; a list of the names of the subscribers for the first hundred lots in Mount Auburn; a copy of the acts authorizing the Society to establish a cemetery; a copy of the act to incorporate the proprietors of Mount Auburn; a copy of the indentures between the Society and Mount Auburn; reports of standing committees, 1829; award of premiums, 1830; and a list of the officers and members of the Society from the beginning. A copy of the Society's seal appears on the title-page. Thus it will be seen that a full, accurate and instructive history of the horticulture of Massachusetts, and in great part of that of the whole country, has at length been placed before the public, which will form a reliable guide for future horticultural progress.

It was a select group of men that originated the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, infusing into it as they did the vigor of their own characters. A very few of them remain with us to celebrate the Society's entrance on the second half of its century existence; and they are regarded with gratitude and veneration. The great majority are gone to their graves, having finished at least one perfect work. Among these originators and earliest supporters were men like Gen. Dearborn, John C. Gray, Enoch Bartlett, Cheever Newhall, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Samuel Downer, Dr. T. W. Harris, Lucius Manlius Sargent, William Worthington, Aaron D. Williams, Joseph Breck, Jonathan Winship, Augustus Peabody, Marshall P. Wilder, William Kenrick, William Lincoln, Thomas Dawes, Daniel Waldo, J. P. Cleveland, E. H. Derby, G. G. Cogswell, William Jackson, John Lemist, Wm. H. Prescott, Samuel Jaques, Jr., Benjamin W. Crowninshield, Thomas Brewer, Benjamin V. French, Robert L. Emmons, John B. Russell, Charles M. Hovey, John Lowell, Robert Manning, John M. Ives, Andrews Breed, Henry A. Breed, Elias Phinney, Nathaniel Davenport, Josiah Tidd, Charles Lapham, Charles Senior, and Wm. S. Carter. Their names will survive the longer for their connection with this Society. Marshall P. Wilder, foremost among horticulturists, has been known and distinguished probably more than any other one man by his connection with the Society, of which he was a President. While its fortunes his name is intimately associated, and ever will be. The name of Runnewell will also be long treasured as one of the best benefactors the Society has had.

But a volume with such contents cannot properly be dismissed without more special allusion to some of the striking achievements of the Society whose record it thus supplies. There are certain mountain-peaks in all histories which catch the eye and rivet the attention, and they are plainly visible in the present one. We need but mention them, one by one, to convince the reader that the Massachusetts Horticultural Society has accomplished remarkable things in its chosen sphere. First of all, perhaps, ought to be mentioned its locating and establishing Mount Auburn, at the beginning an experimental garden and cemetery combined; the two branches, however, being subsequently separated, and Mount Auburn being taken into the special care of the Society. From this example in beautifying the places of burial for the dead has grown up a feeling for rural cemeteries that is every year showing its results all over the country. From the seed-bed of this prolific organization has sprung the Hovey's Seedling Strawberry, the Bull's Concord Grape, the improvement of the apple, the propagation of the pear into more delicious kinds, and the system of regular horticultural exhibitions which steady while they stimulate the cultivation of fruits and flowers. These regular exhibitions are the horticultural institutes at which are practically taught all the branches of the horticultural vocation. What organization of this character can show a record more full of brilliant points than this? There must be added still another, and that is the inauguration of a war to the death with the insect tribes that are injurious to vegetation, the census and classification of which were made by Dr. Harris for the Society.

For is this, by any means, the whole. When over the citizens of Boston experience a feeling of pleasure at the mention of our delightful suburbs by the press of other parts of the country, they are to remember that the impulse to the creation of fine gardens, and lovely lawns, and landscape ornamentation in connection with rural homes was first imparted by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which may rightfully claim to be the foster-mother of the whole. It is no small achievement for such an association to point to; in fact, we may say that the horticultural and landscape charms which environ and encircle Boston are the result directly of the work of this honored society. It has erected one of the noblest halls in the country for exhibition purposes. It made the famous Rhododendron show, seven years ago, an event that is reckoned a memorable one in the Society's history. No like organisation has been more liberal in offering premiums; none has attracted to its treasury so many and such valuable bequests. The semi-centennial anniversary of the Society occurred during the season of 1878, and was celebrated on the 12th of September, 1879, and the venerable ex-President Marshall P. Wilder delivered the address. It was intended to have the celebration occur at the time of the rose show in June, which would have been almost exactly fifty years from the incorporation of the Society, but the severe accident which befell Col Wilder compelled the postponement. His appearance as the orator of the interesting occasion, being the first he had made in public since his accident, was the cause of very marked gratification. His address was eloquent, feeling, and polished, and summed up the results of a half century's work of the Society. "The fruits of your labors," said he, "will continue to enrich with golden hues and spicy odors the tables of posterity for ages after we have dropped, like the fruits of autumn, to rise no more."

FARMERS AND THE MARKET.

The American farmer, says a reliable financial contemporary, is at all times a very independent personage. If he owes a debt, he is "good for it." Debts and even taxes may wait, if prices of his products are in his judgment too low; and local creditors rarely find it to their interest to press his obligations upon him. Here certainly is an advantage which every thrifty and enterprising agriculturist should not omit to place to his credit account, in any estimate he may make of his circumstances and situation. When we consider the farming interest as a great body, forming a substantial element of our national existence, we can readily understand how important is its influence upon the credit, and therefore upon the prosperity, of the country.

So far as the retention of the crops by the farmers for higher prices is concerned, it need cause no apprehension that it will be carried to anything like an extreme. The farming temperament is eminently conservative, and hardly at all speculative. Of course those who raise the annual crops are desirous of receiving the utmost possible for their risks and labors; but they do not manifest an inclination to indulge in "corners," or to squeeze out profits at the expense of those whom they are anxious chiefly to feed. If they can reckon up a fair gain at the end of harvest, they are generally satisfied to dispose of their products as fast as they are called for. Those who make more money still by merely handling the products are understood to take the heavy risks of holding them, besides providing and backing up the capital that is required in the transaction. They are merchants and speculators, not farmers.

The prices of wheat are still low. Even a recent slight advance tempted the Western farmers to a free delivery from their granaries. So far as a rise is concerned, there is no likelihood of last year's experience being repeated. That came like an avalanche, but people now are grown more cautious. The advance thus far has been only about fifteen per cent from the lowest price. Great Britain has raised wheat enough to assure her own safety and comfort for the coming year, and any deficiency will be promptly supplied from this country, Russia being out of the question as a competitor with us this year. Our farmers can much better afford to hold their wheat than they could two years, or even one year ago, and for that reason they will feed it out more sparingly to Great Britain, and make better profits by the process.

Very low prices, however, will be fought against by our producers, and foreign buyers are beginning to take note of the fact. The continuance of the present low prices for a very long time is not anticipated. Unless there should be an unfavorable turn in the finances, there cannot be a depression of prices. The lowest figures will be confined to the poorest quality of grain. Peace reigns everywhere, and the farmers are in possession of full crops besides being in a condition to hold them. That being the case, prices are not likely to break, and the American farmer is therefore assured of good times in the future. The agricultural interest was never in so strong a condition as it now is in this country. Never in our history has there so freely been acknowledged the dependence of all other interests and industries upon this one. Farming is proving itself the most reliable and independent of all callings.

CHESTNUT HILLS FARM, GROTON

Account with 16 Acres Corn.

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Ploughing $24, harrowing twice $12	$ 36.00
Planting $40, hoeing twice $63	103.00
Cutting corn $20, husking 1,370 baskets 4 cents each, $54.80	74.80
Teaming corn	13.70
Teaming husks, 28 tons	28.00
Interest on land	30.00
Cost of fertiliser, Bay State superphosphate	300.00
	$585.50
CREDIT.	
By 28 tons fodder $10	280.
	$305.50
By 1,370 baskets corn $22.03, per basket	$305.51

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

Oct. 20, 1880.

☞ The high prices for cattle during several weeks past have pretty clearly demonstrated that the supply of marketable cattle in the country is not great. On the other hand, the high rates have shown that there is no shortage of thin, half-fat, shrinky stock in the country. Farmers and shippers tempted by current prices have literally swamped the market with that class of cattle.—*Drovers' Journal.*

☞ Wyoming territory has 467,884 cattle and 332,568 sheep on her plains. The human population is 20,804.

☞ Arkansas stands sixth in the list of fruit-growing States.

☞ About 75,000 sheep are en route to the Black Hills' pastures.

THE USE OF MUCK.

The small quantity of water which has fallen during the past six months has caused the springs to sink very low, and many ponds and streams to dry up. In consequence of this, the present autumn is a very favorable time to clean out the ditches and ponds, and store up large quantities of muck, to be used in a dry state as an absorbent. There has not, for many years, been a more favorable time for such work; farmers should therefore improve the opportunity to drain their low land by clearing out the old and digging new ditches, wherever it can be done to advantage. In doing this two objects are accomplished. First, the better drainage of the land. Second, securing muck which can be used directly as a fertilizer, or dried and used as an absorbent.

Many farmers do not realize the importance of having at all times a liberal supply of dry muck; nor do they always stop to consider the difference between dry and wet muck. Mistakes are frequently made by carting into the barnyard large quantities of muck in its wet green state. This, much of it, is trod down by the cattle so hard that it remains until next spring without much change. It is then again loaded and carted on the land in a condition entirely unfit for plant food. It would be much better to cart it directly on the land and spread it, where, by the action of the frosts and the air, it will become so changed that a portion of it will become available as plant food.

The value of muck depends very much on how it is managed; and the way to manage depends on the kind of muck. If it is decomposed to a degree that will cause it to heat when left in a heap for a few months, it will require but little labor or expense to bring it into a suitable condition to be taken up by the growing plants; but if it is composed of grass, and other roots, that are simply dead, but not in any degree decomposed, the frost and the air is not sufficient to convert it into plant food within any reasonable length of time; but it contains large quantities of fertilizing materials, which, with right management, can be speedily converted into a soluble condition, and its properties so changed as to become highly beneficial to plant growth. A cord of this kind of muck, or peat, as it is usually called, mixed with ten bushels of wood ashes, makes an excellent compost for almost any crop grown on light land. Mixed with an equal amount of stable manure, it is rapidly changed to a good fertilizer, and is believed by many to be equal, for light soils, to all stable manure; but for heavy moist soils, it is not economy to cart out and compost muck of any kind. As our New England farms contain such varieties of soil, it is very rare that one is found that does not contain, in some portion of it, land so light that it will be improved by the application of muck. There has been a time when the farmers spent too much time in digging muck; many farmers carted hundreds of loads into the barn, cellar and yard, to be carted out again in the spring. This in time was found to be a very unprofitable business, and was abandoned, and in many cases the entire use of muck was condemned. This was wrong, because muck if properly managed, is not only desirable, but can be profitably used on every farm, whatever may be the character of the soil. If the soil be light and porous, then it can be used in its green state by being spread directly on the field in the autumn, to be improved by the action of the frost. An application of two inches in depth, to a sandy soil, changes its nature very much, and improves it so it will retain moisture sufficient to keep vegetation in a flourishing condition, even in severe drouths. If the farm is all heavy land, then all the muck applied should be thoroughly dried and used as an absorbent in the barn and around the house. Dry muck as an absorbent is not surpassed by any other material within easy reach of the farmer, except fine charcoal.

Every farmer should have constantly on hand a good supply of pulverized dry muck. To have it in the best condition, it should be exposed to the frosts of two winters, and the heat of as many summers; when thoroughly dry it should be housed, and thus kept ready for use at all seasons of the year. It is an excellent material to use in vaults, to keep them sweet, and to absorb the waste water from the house. The large quantity of water which a small quantity of dry muck will sweeten and absorb, is really surprising. To use under the hen roost it is one of the best materials, keeping the house sweet and clean, and the fowls healthy, and at the same time absorbs and retains all of the fertilizing qualities of the manure; it is also very valuable to absorb the liquids of the barn, much better than dry sand or loam which is used by many. The amount of dry muck required is much less than either sand or loam, and it retains the ammonia so well that but very little if any escapes.

To make the best use of muck, like every other operation on the farm, requires judgment, and a careful examination of the different soils of the farm, as well as the condition of the muck when dug out. That a deposit of good muck on any farm is valuable there can be little if any doubt, nor can there be much doubt but that in the hands of an unskillful farmer, it may be used to a disadvantage, if not actual injury. To utilize to the best advantage the materials which is found on each farm, should be the desire and the earnest effort of every farmer. The successful cultivator makes it his study to learn what materials on his farm can be moved with profit, and what particular portion of the farm, each material, can be moved to the best advantage. Nearly all of the deposits of muck in New England are composed of materials that can be readily converted into plant food; but occasionally a deposit is found that has mixed with it a mineral, or an acid, that renders it difficult to convert the vegetable portion into plant food unmixed with the mineral or acid; in consequence of this every deposit should be tested before any great quantity is dug out and applied. This can be done by having the muck analyzed, or what is better, experimented with on a small scale, on different soils, prepared in different ways; it is true that this requires time, but it is a better test of the practical value of the muck, and it can be done without any outlay of money.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

SETTING APPLE TREES AND GRAPE VINES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I would like to make a few inquiries to be answered through the columns of the *Ploughman.*

1st. What distance should apple trees be set from each other?

2d. If set upon a hill, subject to high winds, should they be protected? and if so, what method should you suggest?

3d. How soon should a thrifty apple tree bear after setting?

4th. What distance apart should pear trees be set?

5th. How soon should a standard pear tree bear after setting?

6th. What is the relative value of a dwarf pear tree as compared to a standard?

7th. Should you advise the setting of dwarf trees at all?

8th. What kind of soil is best adapted to the raising of pears?

9th. Can anything be placed around young trees and above the roots that will protect them from frosts, and yet be safe from the intrusion of mice?

10th. Should land set to young trees be ploughed every spring?

11th. Should soiling be used around young trees? If so, in what manner, and what is best?

12th. How far apart should grape vines be set?

13th. Does it make any difference whether the rows run north and south or east and west?

14th. What kind of soil is best adapted to the raising of grapes? Would grapevines do well on hill same as described for apple trees, soil good, slope toward the south, without any protection from frost?

If you will kindly answer these questions, giving me all the information possible, you will confer a favor on an amateur in the business, and in return I will follow your suggestions as nearly as possible, and in a few years I will write you the results of my efforts. A. S. H.

1st. On rich, heavy land, 40 feet each way is not too much, but on light, sandy, or dry gravely land, 25 to 30 feet is sufficient.

2. Yes, protection from high cold winds is important. Trees protected not only go through the winter better, but the blossoms are much more likely to produce fruit, and the fruit is less likely to be blown off in the autumn. The cheapest and best protection is evergreen trees, set around the orchard within ten feet of each other. Norway spruce, red cedar or white pine make a good protection. The two first named are the best. They should be cut back in June and trimmed so as to be kept thick at the bottom.

3d. The soil, the treatment, the condition of the tree and the variety of the apple, as well as the age of the tree when set, have so much to do with the time of fruiting, that no rules can be laid down; but with ordinary success in five years the trees will produce considerable quantities of fruit; yet it is always best not to permit a tree to overbear, when young, if it has an inclination to. A portion of the young fruit should be picked off.

4th. Pear trees should be set from 18 to 25 feet apart each way, according to the soil.

5th. Pear trees are more uncertain in coming into bearing than apple trees. While some trees will begin to bear the second year, others will not come into bearing in less than ten years; but as a rule with a good soil and good care, they come into bearing earlier than apple trees.

6th. Dwarf pear trees in most of localities have proved unprofitable, if not total failures, after they have borne a few crops.

7th. Under some circumstances it would be advisable to set a few dwarfs. If one has no bearing standard pear trees, and is just starting a new place, and desires fruit at once, by setting dwarf trees in a rich soil, fruit can be obtained the second year, and will usually continue to produce until the standard trees, set at the same time, come into bearing, when the dwarf trees can be removed. By setting them between the standards they will require the cultivation of no extra land, and will be out of the way before they interfere with the standards.

8th. A good deep, rich and rather heavy soil is best for pears; it should be stirred deep before the trees are set, and should receive a very liberal dressing of good manure.

9th. Whatever is placed around trees for mulching should never come in contact with the tree, but should be separated from the tree with fresh earth. Trees that are heavily mulched in localities where the snow lies on the ground for any great length of time, should be protected from the mice by tying around the trunk of the tree a strip of tarred paper a foot in width, just before the winter sets in, being careful to place around the bottom of the paper several inches of earth to keep the mice from working under the paper.

10th. This depends so much on circumstances, that no positive rule can be laid down; but if the land is not kept ploughed and cultivated it should be so heavily mulched that no weeds or grass will grow.

11th. Land that is moist and heavy does not require covering if it is kept thoroughly cultivated; but land that is high and dry needs to be kept cool and moist by mulching. Grass is better than nothing, but leaves are much better, if kept in place with evergreen boughs; they not only keep the ground moist, but eventually make one of the best fertilizers for the trees.

12th. For field culture the rows should be about six feet apart, and the vines in the row from six to ten feet, according to varieties.

13th. The direction of the rows depends somewhat on the lay of the land, but many believe it best to run them north and south, that the vines may have the sun on both sides some portion of the day.

14th. Grapes require a warm rich soil and protection from the cold high winds. A. S. H. before setting his trees would do well to visit some of the best managed orchards, and learn from observation as much as possible in regard to locations and soils adapted to the different varieties. While the Baldwin grows well on light soil, the Roxbury russet requires a heavy soil; but the Hunt russet will grow where the Baldwin will. What is true of apples is also true of pears. While some varieties will do best on warm soils, others come to perfection only in a cold soil.—ED.

SHORTHORN COW.

The Horse.

EPIZOOTY.

[Dr. J. W. Johnson, V. S., in Ohio Farmer.]

This disease has made its re-appearance in this country, and in some localities in an epidemic form, which has become malignant, and assumed a dangerous character both to the animal and its attendants, all of which can be avoided by the timely use of appropriate remedies. Those who have suffered the loss of their animals gave no heed as to treatment, except nursing, thinking it would not amount to much, but when they saw the blood come from the nostrils, then they sounded the alarm, but the thief had already stolen the animal. Treatment given from the first will remove all danger in three days, and secure perfect recovery in ten to fifteen days, in ninety per cent. of all cases. Apply Caustic Balsam, one-half ounce, on the throat of the animal and between the jaws, thoroughly rubbed in for ten minutes; one application will be sufficient to check the progress of the disease. Internal treatment is indispensable to aid nature to throw off the poison and eradicate the disease from the system. Ferrum phos. 3d, one ounce for each animal, dissolved in one pint of soft water; give one-half ounce at dose three times a day. In severe cases a dose should be given every three hours until the above quantity has been consumed, which will cause the animal to throw off profusely. Then follow with kali mur. 3d, one-half ounce to one pint of water; mix; give one-half ounce three times a day. If the animal should break out in pustular eruption, cracked heels, scratches, etc., use kali sulph. 3d, instead of kali mur., in the same form, which should always be given after the use of ferrum phos., to complete a cure.

INJURING HORSES' EYES.

It is a common remark, that among all domestic animals, the horse is most afflicted with diseases of the eye. A writer in the N. Y. *Tribune* makes this the basis of a good article, the most of which we reproduce. He says: Some of these ailments are hereditary and from unknown causes, others — and these are of painful frequency — are not inherited, and their origin may be readily traced. Of this latter class of causes may be mentioned: insufficient or bad arrangement of light in stables; blinkers; high racks for feeding; ammonia fumes in stalls, and the whip! Although the eye of the horse is well adapted for seeing at night, yet he is not a nocturnal animal, therefore the stable should have daylight freely admitted to it. A dimly lighted stable imposes on the horse sudden changing from twilight to broad sunlight, which cannot fail to weaken the sight. If the windows are arranged on one side or the other of a stall, the horse's head will be directed mostly to the side from which the light comes; one eye will be more in the shade than the other, consequently both eyes will be strained from being exposed to unequal light. If the window is directly in front of the stall, a glare of light is directed toward the eyes with a blinding effect, which is very injurious. Probably the best arrangement for lighting stables is by means of a sky light or windows placed near the ceiling.

Much has been said against blinkers, yet their use continues to a considerable extent. If the eyes of the horse, like those of man, were directed forward blinkers might prove uncomfortable but not injurious. The range of vision in the horse is much greater than in man; by limiting this range of vision and allowing it a forward direction only—which is not according to nature—the muscles of the eyes become strained and their strength impaired. It is not reasonable to suppose that the timid, nervous horse, that starts at every unusual sight or sound, would be inspired with more confidence if allowed to see all there was to be seen than if straining the eyes painfully to see objects terrible to him just back of the blinkers. The position a horse's head has to assume when feeding from a high rack is the one most favorable for chaff or other hurtful matter from the hay to fall into the eyes. The most serious injury commonly arising from the cause is from the beards of grain. The sharp little hooks or prickles on these attach themselves to the eye in such a way that the water from the tea-gland cannot wash out the beards; inflammation follows and even the most judicious treatment cannot always save the eye.

Probably every one is familiar with the effects of a sniff from grandma's bottle of hartshorn or smelling salts—which is only ammonia under other names—and can imagine how unendurable a continued application of the fumes would be. Of course the ammonia fumes arising in even a very badly kept stable would not be so concentrated as those from the salts, yet they are of sufficient strength to seriously injure the sensitive and delicately organized eye of the horse. Well-constructed floors, good management, and cleanliness, are perfect remedies for the enemy. Of all the causes of blindness in our noble, docile, useful friends, none prick us so sharply with our unworthiness to possess such animals as when it is caused by the use of a whip. No excuse can be made for such accidents, whether done in wanton carelessness or by cruel intent.

☞ Much has been said from time to time in the agricultural papers of the country urging the necessity of farmers keeping strict account of their business, but any one knowing the vast number of agriculturists who keep no record whatever of their work would certainly think too much has not been said of the matter. Indeed, it is somewhat surprising that so many thorough farmers are content with keeping the run of their business in memory only, when a little additional work would enable them to tell at a glance whether the year's work had been profitable or otherwise.

☞ Pigs that have been raised on milk, grass, clover, tubers and roots till they weigh 150 or 200 pounds, are generally healthy. They are then in good condition to fatten.

☞ The best machine on the farm is the intelligent and industrious proprietor, and if he be a combined machine, with a complete attachment in the house, so much the better. —*Prof. Knapp.*

☞ Seventy different species of vegetables, with over 400 varieties, are grown in the gardens of the United States.

Stock Department.

THE JERSEYS AND THEIR BUTTER.

A good Jersey cow, says the *Country Gentleman*, will sell to-day for two hundred dollars, where a good native will bring fifty. Four hundred, six hundred, or one thousand dollars is frequently paid for a Jersey, combining, with some fancy points or very famous strain of blood, a good butter yield; but leaving out fancy color and noted pedigree, a good registered cow to-day will bring at least four times the price of a good native.

Why is it that a cow very much under the average size of a good beefing animal, and with very few of the meat or milk points which farmers are wont to admire, has come to outrank the native four or five to one, and to stand on an equality with any thoroughbred in the world? It is because the Jersey is the most profitable producer of the best butter that the following claims are today admitted by those who have most fairly and thoroughly investigated the merits of this breed:

1. The Jersey is a thoroughbred, and possesses as fully as any the thoroughbred's capacity to respond to feed beyond the amount required for daily repairs of the wastes of the body, and will make this extra return in butter as surely as the Shorthorn will make it in beef, or the Ayrshire in milk.

2. The Jersey, being thoroughbred, can be depended upon to transmit, in breeding, in most cases the good qualities of one parent, and in many cases those of both parents, and very often the best qualities of remote as well as immediate ancestors.

3. The Jerseys produce the best butter. The butter globule has a larger average size in Jersey milk than in that of any other breed, and in consequence of this larger globule the cream rises quicker, and hence is exposed a much shorter time to the air, and injury from fermentation, odors and dust, and requires in deep setting the use of fewer tins and less ice and labor.

The larger globule has a thinner envelope, and consequently churns quicker than the cream of other breeds, and is better adapted to all varieties of churns.

The larger size of the globule give a better texture or grain to Jersey butter than that of any other breed.

The color of Jersey butter is better the year round, and on all kinds of food, than that of any other breed except the Guernsey; and though the Guernsey equals the Jersey in this respect, it falls far behind in that more important element—texture or grain. The butter of these two breeds has not only a higher color, but a more sprightly flavor than that of any other.

4. The Jersey makes more butter in proportion to her size and feed; having a smaller body, she has just so much less to build up in youth, and to support and repair day by day.

5. The Jerseys "come in" at 20 to 22 months, thus making a saving over most other breeds of a year of food, handling and protection.

6. The Jersey, as a rule, "goes dry" a shorter period than any other breed, two months being over the average period, and many produce butter and calves without drying off.

7. The Jersey gives more butter in her milk in proportion to the other elements, thus making, in particular, a great saving in the amount of water to be milked from the bag, to be carried to the milk-room, and to be provided with pan room. This makes no small saving of time, labor and material in the course of a year.

8. The Jersey will stand more corn and other winter grain feeding without getting fat; she will put the oil into her bag rather than into the carcass. This is a point of great importance in these modern days of all the year round butter-making.

9. The Jersey will make a cream cheese of the highest quality in texture, flavor, solubility, and body. And they make beef of perfectly good color, grain, and flavor. They will make, of course, but a medium quantity of beef, but as the bulls, when well handled, remain gentle to a great age, and will always be in demand for use upon natives as well as grade and registered Jerseys, and as the Jersey cows come into profit early, bear calves frequently and regularly, and are long lived, it is seldom that this breed will find its way to the shambles.

10. The Jersey has shown herself as well fitted to thrive in all climates, and upon all kinds of food as any breed, and some she surpasses. She has hereditary thoroughbred tendencies which entitle her to the favor of scientific breeders; the quality and amount of her butter yield are placing her highest in the estimation of butter-makers, and the beauty of her "points and coloring" will always make her unrivalled in English parks and American lawns.

Three-quarters of the highest-priced butter used in New York and New England to-day is made from Jersey cows; it brings from 40 to 80 cents per pound, and the demand is greater than the supply. The bulk of the butter dealers do not handle this, and it is not known to the newspaper market reports. As a rule it goes once or twice a week directly from the dairy where it is made, to the dwelling-house, or club, or hotel in which it is eaten; it has less than one-quarter of an ounce of salt to the pound, and thus none of the finer and more aromatic odors are lost. It is made from the milk of healthy Jersey cows, who eat only the sweetest food, drink the purest water, and breathe the cleanest air; are carded and brushed and carefully bedded, and are always treated with gentleness. It is made from milk which is immediately removed from the stable, though the stable is daily sprinkled with gypsum, and has no manure cellar under or near it. It is made from cream which has risen in less than 36 hours, in clean tins, and a clean atmosphere; it is granulated and brined, or washed in the churn, and worked with the greatest care; it is always kept cool, but never touched with ice, even on the table. The cows, the milk, the cream, the salt, the tins, the butter, are all kept clean, and in an odorless atmosphere.

☞ There has been no such harvest in Ireland as the present for nearly forty years. The oats crop is especially fine, and potatoes are not only abundant but of excellent quality.

☞ Minneapolis millers last year ground 7,822,000 bushels of wheat, and the estimate for this year is 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 bushels.

☞ The tobacco crop of Pennsylvania, this year, is worth $6,000,000.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

A FARM WELL CULTIVATED.

Among the many farms in Massachusetts that are well cultivated, but few if any stand higher than that of Capt. John B. Moore, of Concord. Located in a very pleasant part of a beautiful town of great historic interest, the visitor approaches it with the feeling that he is to spend a very pleasant hour, but he is not prepared for the great treat in store for him.

In front of the dwelling, surrounded by a public highway, is a field of 70 acres of very nearly level land, a considerable portion of which was formerly a wet bog, but having been underdrained, thoroughly tilled and highly manured, it has been brought up to a high state of fertility, so that it will now produce enormous crops of fruit, vegetables or grass.

In the rear of the dwelling is nearly as much more land; composed of sharp hills and deep vallies; most of it being covered with wood, the visitor as he passes from the rich fertile fields below to the wild wooded hills above, feels that he has been suddenly transported by some supernatural power, from the highly cultivated fields of civilized man to the wilderness, where nature in all her loveliness, invites her students to feast upon her beauties, which are undisturbed by the hand of man. Several acres of an elevated plane, protected from the winds by the surrounding forest, has been cleared and covered with peach trees and grape vines. The peach trees looked well, and most of them have produced a good crop of fruit the present season. Capt. Moore believes in training his peach trees to a single stem, and practices trimming in the spring; heads in the top by cutting off about half of the last year's growth. Several acres of grape vines are on the same piece of cleared land. The vines, though young, appeared to be in very healthy, vigorous state; a portion of them produced a good crop of fruit the present season. The variety grown is Moore's Early, a new seedling with many desirable qualities, being some two weeks earlier than the Concord. It has carried off the sixty dollar prize, offered by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for the best new seedling grape. Capt. Moore shows his faith in it by digging up his Concords and setting the new seedlings in their place. On another portion of the same lot, on a steep side hill, several acres of asparagus has been planted. Particular pains has been taken to obtain an improved variety by the selection of the best and largest plants for seed, and he believes that he has obtained a variety which for size and uniformity is unsurpassed.

Considerable quantities of onions are grown on the land in front of the house; he expressed the opinion that this was one of his most profitable crops. Strawberries are grown to some extent. After the crop is gathered the land is ploughed and set with cabbage, thus getting two good crops in a year from the same land. About an acre of dandelions appeared to be in a very flourishing condition; these will be sent to market early enough in the spring to clear the ground for some other crop.

Capt. Moore has in all about 30 acres under tillage. The grape vines cover 5 acres, and the asparagus 4 acres, and an acre or more is covered with flowers and shrubs, 30 or 40 acres are kept in grass, which is made to produce two heavy crops in a year; the moment it shows any indication of running down, it is turned over and reseeded.

To keep so large a farm in such high state of fertility must require large outlays for fertilizers. But a considerable quantity of manure is made at home by keeping a large stock of swine, numbering, large and small, about a hundred. The breeds kept are the small and medium Yorkshire. So careful have these been bred, and with so good judgment, that it is doubtful if as large a number of swine of any breed can be found in New England that are so nearly alike. The medium, or middle Yorkshire when fully grown and well fatted will dress nearly five hundred, while the small Yorkshires reach only about half as much, but require only 9 or 10 months, to reach their growth. To those who wish to kill spring and autumn, these little fellows must be a very desirable breed.

One would suppose that the field, the orchard, the garden and the horses, cattle and swine would be enough to satisfy any one's ambition, but the long stretch of greenhouses indicate that they are not enough to satisfy Capt. Moore. His greenhouses are kept filled with such plants as it is believed will bring the best prices in the market, and at the same time secure the most profit. Much attention is given to growing hybrid perpetual roses; his stock is very large, numbering many thousands, and embracing some of the best varieties of Europe. The collection contains nearly 300 varieties. Being one of the most successful growers of of roses, he is able to carry to market, at all seasons of the year, an article which commands a ready sale and satisfactory prices.

Every cultivator, if he attempts to market his produce in Boston market, soon learns that it is only superior articles that command a ready sale at good prices. The supply of inferior articles is almost always more than the demand, but the market is rarely overstocked with articles of the best quality; therefore, whatever crop is to be grown it is important that the best varieties should be obtained and then given the highest cultivation.

No one can visit Capt. Moore's farm without seeing at the first glance that no crop is robbed by being overrun with weeds; clean culture is seen everywhere, and it requires no close examination to see that the land is kept in that high state of fertility which enables it to produce very large quantities of any crop he may desire to grow; in fact much of the land is made to produce two, and some of it three crops in a year. To bring the farm up to its present productive condition must have required a very large outlay of both time and money. It is evident that every department has been started, with stock to propagate from, of the highest type of excellence, without regard to expense; and the greatest care seems to have been taken to improve upon the original as much, and as fast as possible, and thus be able to keep in the front ranks, and go to market with articles that are as good if not better than other cultivators can produce. While this management requires a large outlay at first, in the end it pays the best. No one can visit this farm and spend an hour or two in conversation with the proprietor, without going away with higher and clearer ideas of the farmer's calling.

Capt. Moore not only understands how to use with his own hands the farm implements and knows by practical experience the results of numerous operations in the various departments of the farm and the garden, but he also possesses the rare gift of being able to impart his knowledge, with ease and clearness to others, either it private or at public gatherings. E. H.

Floriculture.

A FINE GRAPE HYBRIDIZATION.

[Country Gentleman.]

We are indebted to President Wilder for specimens of one of Rogers' second crosses of the Massasoit by the Queen of Nice, which possesses great excellence in quality, fully equal to the white Chasselas, and having all the delicacy of texture of the finest foreign sorts. The bunches, full grown, are about six inches long, the berries globular, five-eighths of an inch in diameter, light greenish yellow, translucent, and slightly tinged with amber. The first ripened this year on the 30th of August. The Massasoit, one of the parents, (Rogers No. 3) was produced from a native vine from the woods, impregnated with White Chasselas; and this was again crossed with Queen of Nice and gave the grape sent us, which is three-fourths foreign blood. Mr. Wilder informs us that the vine has stood in an unfavorable situation and had been neglected on account of his impaired health till this year. He does not remember that it has ever been mildewed and like all his vines is always covered for winter, its full hardiness not having been tested. It has proved quite productive.

On the subject of hybridization, Mr. Wilder, who was one of the earliest and most successful experimenters, and who for forty years has urged its advantages, remarks in his letter to us: "These experiments give us an illustration of what hybridization can do. It was but a few years since those of us who advocated its efficiency were looked upon as visionary, or what was worse as interfering with the fixed laws of nature, beyond which it was impossible to pass. But thanks to the enterprise of the age, this error has been expioded, and the field for improvement is boundless. Strange indeed are some of the developments. When I crossed Glorious superbs with Lilium lancifolium rosium, it was considered a very doubtful experiment. Now I find in a late number of the Gardener's *Chronicle* that the explorers employed by Veitch in China and Japan have brought home a lily possessing so many characteristics of the Glorioas that they have attached the descriptive term of *gloriosoides*. When I reflect on what has been accomplished by hybridism, I long for an extension of my life that I might witness the wonder-working power of nature, aided by man, in the improvement of our fruits and flowers. My interest in this beautiful work is intense, and to verify what has been questioned, I have now large seed pods of Lilium lancifolium crossed by L. tigrinum, the same that I obtained thirty years ago."

THE GRAPE AND WINE INDUSTRY.

This industry in the United States is assuming large proportions. The following estimates are approximately correct: Missouri has 1,500 acres of the vine in cultivation, producing last year 500,000 gallons of wine; Sandusky, Ohio, and vicinity, (including the Lake Erie Islands),

the lowest possible price, no new or uncommon element in trade, while the producers desire to sell at the highest possible rate or price, an element just as common in trade as the former. The contractors consist of a small number of enterprising men who easily combine and hold together; producers consist of a large number of isolated persons, who try to unite, but have not courage to hold together, a fact which contractors having learned, take the advantage of, and of which no producer has any reason to complain. It is the producers who are weak-kneed, or who fail to "stick," as was manifest in the late meeting of the association, and, accordingly, the contractors had their own way, docking the price per can fixed upon as a compromise by the producers in their association, two cents per can. The same tactics will undoubtedly be continued between these two associations that have prevailed for a decade of years and longer, to wit, producers meet and make their own price;—contractors meet and refuse to pay it, intimating, perhaps, to some weak-kneed producer what they will pay, and he rises in the producer's association reassembled, and moves a reconsideration of the vote on price per can; and this generally occurs after many have left, as was lately the case, and the vote is reconsidered, and then he or some one else moves that the contractors' price be accepted, and it is so voted, and the meeting is dissolved, the producers congratulating themselves as they depart to their rural homes that they have fared no worse. Union and pluck with producers that characterizes contractors is one of the remedies out of this as at present conducted, unequal contest.

L. W.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1880.

NOTICE.

☞ Any exhibitor at the New England Fair who has failed to receive a copy of the *Ploughman* containing the "Official Awards," can obtain an extra copy on application by postal card to Geo. H. Esterbrook, 344 Main St., Worcester, or to Daniel Needham, Secretary, 45 Milk St., Boston.

A New Catalogue of membership of the New England Agricultural Society has just been issued from the press, and will be sent to the address of any member by the remittance of a postage stamp accompanied by a request directed to DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary*.
45 *Milk Street, Boston, Mass.*

The spizootic has appeared in Halifax.

A Greek drama is to be acted at Harvard in classic costume.

The "Ladies' Deposit Bank" of this city has gone into involuntary insolvency.

Thomas Hughes has been very cordially received in Boston, on the occasion of his visit this week.

Chili has lost twelve million dollars by its paper-money, and disastrous financial results have followed.

The French Government is reported to contemplate a compromise of the religious question, which would terminate the conflict.

The Erie Railroad is to connect with the Atlantic and Great Western road at Salamanca, and so on to the far West and Southwest.

Austria and Russia are competing quite intensely for railroad privileges in Bulgaria, strategic advantages being involved in the result.

Cincinnati must be credited with the first fall of snow for the season, which occurred last Sunday, directly after the great windstorm had subsided.

The open season so late in the year is one of the remarkable features of the current year, and will be set down in many a private diary as something to be remembered.

Although the Mayor has offered a reward for the detection of incendiaries, still fires continue to be set. The community has to pay dear in higher rates for insurance risks.

The Canadian weather prophet Vennor gives us a warm and agreeable November, basing his prediction on the fact that birds of many species still remain in nothern latitudes.

The imports at New York for the past nine months are $400,000,000, which is $120,000,000 more than for the same time last year. The exports for these same nine months amounted to $313,000,000.

The Chilian war is assuming a propitious character, which compel both sides to keep on fighting until foreign powers step in and compose the troubles. The Chilian advance on the city of Lima was about to begin, as the latest advices.

The New York Central Railroad has made a contract for a new bridge across East River, stretching from the city to a point above Long Island City, for the exclusive use of freight transportation, the bridge to be constructed next year.

The Manchester, (Eng.) Guardian says there is little prospect of any extensive demand for gold from England for shipment to America, as it is understood there is increased business in English manufactured goods on American account.

Capt. Eads, of Mississippi jetty fame, is to go to Mexico in relation to his projected ship railway across the Isthmus of Tahuantepec. One of his first efforts will be to obtain permission of the Mexican government to locate his projected railroad.

The belief in Ireland that the government intends to prosecute the land agitators has already caused a lull in the agitating business. The subordinate leaders are said to be cowed by the threat. Parnell hesitates as to his next step. The Land League observes unusual quiet.

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

The largest speech that Gen. Grant has been known to make off-hand is the one he made in this city at the reception offered him by the Merchants' Association. It related chiefly to the interest which our people ought to take in opening Mexico to trade, particularly in view of the recent grants made by the Mexican government to Americans for the construction of railroads. The more recent intelligence from that country indicates that some very remarkable advantages had just been granted to American capitalists. A railway concession has just been made, authorizing the construction in eight years of 1300 miles of narrow gauge railroad, with a telegraph, from the city of Mexico to the frontier of the United States and to the Pacific Ocean, in consideration of a money subsidy averaging $10,900 per mile, the total subsidy payable in railroad construction.

This international line, it is stipulated must be completed from the city of Mexico to the Texas border at Loredo, or some other point designated, within eight years. The Pacific line must be completed to Manzanilla, or any point between that and Navadad, within five years, a distance of 277 miles. The company receiving these important concessions expects to complete the line of road to the Rio Grande within three years, thereby establishing an unbroken communication with the railway system of the United States. The first section of the line is already accepted, and a thousand men and five thousand tons of steel rails are ordered for the progress of the work. The principal office of the company is to be in New York. Four million dollars were subscribed last year conditioned on securing the concession now granted. Vessels laden with railway and telegraph supplies are exempted from all dues for fifteen years after the lines are completed, except for pilotage, passengers and mails; and merchandise for transit across Mexico is exempt for twenty five years after completion from all dues except transit duty.

FIRST AUTUMN STORM.

Not until last Sunday did the reign of Autumn begin to assert itself all over the country. The weather had previously been so mild as to include a regular succession of dog days. But on Sunday the temperature steadily fell, and a brisk northwest breeze that sprang up with the day increased as the day advanced. It was heralded from the far West, where on the day previous it had been playing havoc with the telegraph wires. There at the East, the autumn leaves began to come down in the intermittent gusts, and occasionally boughs were twisted from the trees. But at the West the storm, which was mainly of wind, caused immense damage to property and a great comparative loss of life. There were snow flurries as far South and East as Cleveland, Ohio, the breeze driving the flakes briskly.

In Wisconsin the storm was the severest ever known in that section. Passengers and freight trains on the Southern Minnesota Railroad were blockaded in snow drifts, and teams with provisions were sent to their relief. There are reports of heavy losses of cattle and horses from exposure and helplessness. At Chicago and all around that latitude, it was pronounced the heaviest wind storm ever experienced. There were disasters on the lakes, with loss of life. The storm descended from the extreme Northwest and broke upon the Northern half of the country, losing very much of its force as it approached the Atlantic coast. It is unusual to have autumn ushered in after such a rude and sudden fashion. But something strange was to have been expected, in view of the remarkable term of weather which we have passed through. In a time of universal drouth, however, a violent wind storm is anything but a welcome visitor. Rain is needed more than ever.

THE BEST EDUCATION.

We see that Prof. Huxley has returned to the assault on the literary system of education in favor of the scientific. It is fairly an open question which is the best, with the weight of tradition and strength of habit on the side of the literary system. A man of the culture and attainments of Prof. Huxley, however, could not well oppose any system in a narrow partisan way. He is ready to urge the claims of science without utterly denying merit to literature and to those studies which are known as the humanities. But he thinks we have come to a turning-point in this prolonged contest. A century ago, the battle was waged between the champions of ancient literature and modern literature. A generation ago a new party appeared upon the field, setting up its claims on behalf of physical science as the basis and best method of education.

Prof Huxley says, in a recent address on this subject at Birmingham, that it is now very generally admitted that, "after having learned all the Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity had thought and said, and all that modern literature had to tell us, it was not self-evident that we had laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture." And in his view, perfect culture "should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and its limitations." He says that the humanities of to-day stand upon classical education as the sole avenue to culture as firmly as if we were still in the age of the Renaissance. But that is extravagant. Not all advocates of ancient learning do that. Yet Prof. Huxley is compelled to admit that scientific education is still inchoate and tentative, while classical education is thoroughly well organized.

THE FAILURE TEST.

As effective a way as any for discovering whether things are going prosperously, is to look at the account of the failures recorded by the mercantile agencies. That settles the question pretty certainly. It appears from an examination of this record that, during the first three months of 1880, the failures were in amount less than $13,000,000, as against $43,000,000 for the first quarter of 1879. The second quarter of 1880 shows another decline in the amount involved, thus making the half-yearly total less than one-half that of the first half of 1879. The total amount of the failures for the three expired quarters of the present year is $45,000,000, as against $81,000,000 in 1879, and $197,000,000 in 1878.

It is stated that the above figures for the recent quarterly returns are the smallest recorded since the issue of the quarterly statements began. Should the current last quarter of 1880 be no worse than was the corresponding one in 1879, the likelihood being very strong that it will be better rather than worse, the total failures for 1880 will amount in value to only $62,000,000, which would be less than for the first six months of 1879, and so low as to surprise those who are conversant with this matter of failures. If the present improvement continues to the end of the year, the failures for the year, in proportion to the number of traders comprehended in the review, will be less than for any year since the compilation of this kind of figures began. If this is not an encouraging picture of business affairs, we should be glad to hear of something better.

THE NEW RAILROAD WAR.

The first thing that will be said about the fight among the railroads at the West is, that low rates will be a good thing for the public. But there is a very large class that has to suffer to an extent that is sure to affect the general public sooner or later. The only class of people that really profits pecuniarily by this clashing of rates is the speculators in tickets. The roads lose money of course; the travelling public does not make any money out of it, for it has to pay the speculators for the cut-rate tickets almost as much as it would have had to pay its railroad companies for tickets; and there is still a portion of the public that prefers to deal directly with the railroads, and which to pay their increased rates in order that they may in part reimburse themselves for previous losses.

The ticket speculators are the men who make the most of their opportunity when they see a railroad war brewing. They feel the same delight that the frontier traders and Indian agents do at seeing an Indian war approach. They are in clover knee deep then, and they make as much of a novel of it as they can. They notoriously exert all their influence to bring these railroad wars about. If this were better understood, the outside public would so emphatically condemn these fights between the railroad companies that they would soon cease to occur. The roads running from Chicago and St. Louis to Kansas City are at the present time simply doing all they can to destroy themselves. The losses incurred by the roads at war are not temporary but permanent, crippling the capacity of the roads to perform the largest possible service for the public, in whose interest they are built.

GOLD AND SILVER.

The director of the United States Mint has prepared a careful estimate of the amount of United States gold and silver coin in the country on the 1st, of October, and the same will be embodied in his annual report which is to be submitted to Congress. Should there be no material change in coin affairs during the month of October, the amount of coin in the United States on the 1st. of November will be estimated for use in the report. The estimate is based upon the respective amounts in the country on the 30th. of June, 1879; since which date there is shown to be an increase of $83,390,305 in gold coin, and of $37,748,350 in silver coin. This increase is reported to be from actual coinage, and not from the importation of United States coin.

The total amount of gold estimated to be in the country is $369,881,003, and of silver $149,799,335. Of these amounts there are $67,204,293 gold in the Treasury, and $302,676,709 in circulation or held by banks, and $72,454,600 silver in the Treasury, and $77,344,735 in circulation. The Treasury also holds $63,040,540 gold bullion, and $5,557,759 silver bullion, which the mints are turning into coin as rapidly as their facilities will admit. So large an omount of specie was never held in the county before. The increase of gold bullion is from imports of foreign gold during the past year. It will thus be seen that we have a large volume of currency in coin in addition to what is issued by the Treasury and the banks in notes.

Mass. State Board of Agriculture.—The State Board has already begun to make its arrangements for holding its regular annual winter meeting, which is announced to be held at Southboro', Mass., on the 30th of November and the 1st and 2d days of December. The Farmers' Club of Southboro' is to give a corn exhibition at the same time, and competition will be open to the entire State for the $250 in premiums which have been offered by the Massachusetts Agricultural Club, of which Col. Marshall P. Wilder is President. A highly interesting time is anticipated at this full meeting of the State Board. The details of this coming meeting are not given to the public, but they may be relied upon to be fully as effective as ever in all particulars. The new Secretary, John E. Russell, Esq., assures us that some of our best agricultural talent may be expected by those who attend.

Another Centennary.—Gov. Long has issued a proclamation on the coming centennial of the assembling of the first General Court in Massachusetts, which makes the end of a hundred years of free popular government. It has been, he recites, a period lustrous with the names of great and good men and women, who, in church and State and school, in war and peace, in letters, art and science, and in every department of usefulness and humanity, have added to the renown of the State and the welfare of her people. He also says it has been a hundred years of law and order, of enlarging freedom, of riches accumulating in the hands of labor, of increasing education. He therefore trusts that such an anniversary, which occurs on Monday, the 25th inst., will not pass altogether without observation of the events it commemorates; that our clergymen and teachers will call attention to them, and that a grateful people will thank God for the beneficent constitution, the wise laws, the religious, civil, and social blessings under which they live.

England and the East.—From Berlin comes the intelligence that Austria, Germany and France have resolved to hold aloof from Mr. Gladstone's coercive measures towards Turkey. In Germany it is said, a deepening dislike and distrust of Mr. Gladstone and his policy is beginning to be displayed, so that public opinion will soon run openly against him. In France, there is no sympathy whatever with the Gladstone tendency to violent measures with Turkey. In Austria the French papers quote the orders to withdraw as soon as Dulcigno had surrendered. This act is strangely delayed, and all manner of excuses are made for it. There is a hitch between the commissioners who are to cede and receive the place to be surrendered, all going to show that time is more precious just now than territory.

Indian Agents Arrested.—Five Indian agents have been arrested and clapped in jail at Gunnison City, charged with murder. The victim is one Alexander Johnson, living at the Ute Reservation. There is a good deal of dispute over the matter, whether the killing was rightful or not, and whether the agents under arrest gave up the Indian to the mob to be lynched or not. It seems that a teamster, on little or no provocation, had shot and killed young Johnson, son of Chief Shavanaugh. On the following morning there were no less than fifty Utes, demanding the blood of the murderer, all being armed. They were promised that the man should be caught. The murderer was found in charge of citizens, and was guarded all night by the soldiers, the Indians forming an outer guard. An explosion was imminent. The Indians, outnumbering the whites two to one, were in the morning all ready for slaughter. The prisoner was finally returned to the charge of the citizens' army escort left, and the Utes went home. During the night a party of white men and Utes surprised the citizens having the prisoner in charge, and carried him off. If the matter is pushed further an Indian war is just ahead.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.—For five months past, Hollis Street Chapel has been open twice a week for contributions of flowers, plants, fruits and jellies. These were sent in from fifteen different towns. From these, 23,750 distributions of flowers and plants were made in 24 hospitals and charitable homes, and eighteen large workrooms; and through the right channels found their way to many sick beds outside the hospitals, and brightened the poor rooms of many living in poverty and loneliness. The fruit received was chiefly peaches, pears and grapes. The figures at the best show but little of what is really done. The flower Mission of Boston is bringing something of the beauty, and fragrance and freshness of the country to the bedsides of the sick and the homes of the poor who live in the close, dark houses of the city. The friends of this most worthy Mission are appealed to for their even more generous aid next year.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

Will hold their Seventh Annual Meeting at Boston in Clarendon Street Church, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 27. Daily sessions, to which *all* the public are welcome, as follows: 8:30 prayer meeting, 9:30 and 2 to 5 P. M., meetings for business, reports of work and discussion of methods; 7:30 P. M., best of music and addresses. Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith of Philadelphia, here as delegate of the W. C. T. U., will give Bible readings for ladies Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 25th and 26th, at 3 o'clock, in Shawmut (or Webb's) vestry. Wednesday evening, address of welcome by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Reply by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster. Mass Meetings of Children at Dr. Webb's church, and of young people at Central church (Dr. Duryea's) on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 4 o'clock, *promptly*. For adults at Tremont Temple.

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a direct outgrowth of the crusade. They saw that the liquor interest was an oligarchy that controlled," and these praying women united and planned to unitedly stand and work. Their first principles are "total abstinence a Christian and humane *obligation* " for others' sake at least and a prohibitory law preferably as a Constitutional Amendment. Sketches of two or three of the many noble women who have given themselves in so great a degree out of already full earnest lives may stimulate some to *hear* them and then "go and do likewise."

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster who replies to Mrs. Livermore's welcome—is a Christian lawyer of Iowa, daughter of a clergyman. She long had great prejudice against women speaking in public, although she is a brilliant and powerful speaker. She is partner with her husband at whose earnest request she studied law in the firm Foster & Foster and has practised before the Supreme Court, a position hitherto attained by no other woman save Mrs. Lockwood. She has a happy home and family and is greatly beloved in her own State. Secretary of the Woman's International Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Mary C. Johnson, President of the Brooklyn, N. Y., W. C. T. U., and Recording Secretary of the National, is a woman of the best social standing, daughter of a public spirited Christian banker. She has been President for a Home for the Friendless, and long a contributor to the Sunday School Times. She has spoken in 121 drawing-rooms of England by private invitation, besides addressing large audiences in London. By her winsome manner she has drawn many cultured and gifted people to the cause so especially dear to her. She is still actively engaged in church and Sabbath school work. We could fill these columns with similar sketches.

READ AND RUN.

— The needle gun is the invention of a Russian locksmith, who was nineteen years old when the battle of Jena was fought.

— Mrs. Swissholm is out in a vigorous screed on the Indians.

— The heart of a fish is a simple chain of chambers.

— Lord Bacon says that prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

— The newly constructed Tremont Temple is said to possess admirable acoustic properties.

— The public press did what the law said it could not, in the matter the "Ladies Deposit Bank" of this city.

— The manuscript plays, with the costumes and swords belonging to the late Charles Fechter, the actor, have been sold in New York to raise money towards completing a monument for him.

— Church robbing is the current fashion at Rutherford, N. Y.

— According to the Quincy plan of teaching writing, the children make their dots first and then put the "i's" under them. That is something like hanging a chimney in the air for a house to come under.

— The fogs of London, always famous, are said to be more and more an offence to person of weak lungs and asthmatic tendencies.

— The international sanitary congress will be held in Washington, in January of next year, at which delegates are to be present from all the foreign scientific bodies interested in hygienic studies.

— A New York firm has received two dwarf elephants from the mountains of the Malay peninsula.

— They have a boy murderer in Maine, and it is an atrocious case.

— A stop cylinder printing press has just been procured by the American Bible Society for its use, upon which an entire copy of the Bible can be printed every m nute.

— Rome is now becoming so well fortified as to render the Holy City secure against a sudden attack.

— The Maine Mining Journal scouts the idea that mining matters are at a standstill in that State.

— The English government has another petty war in South Africa on its hands, which may assume large dimensions before it is over.

— The Census Office is making all possible haste in paying off the census enumerators.

— The spirit of railway enterprise is growing high in Mexico, yet speculation and corrup politics are badly mixed up with it.

— Germany and France and Austria are reported to have entered into a private agreement not to exert any further pressure upon the Porte.

— Ripe wild strawberries were picked in North Conway last week, a box of which was sent to the editor of the Boston Transcript.

— The death of Mr. Samuel S. Pierce, the head of the famous retail grocery house of Boston, removes one of the sterling men from this community, and one who was universally held in the highest possible respect.

— Hon. Peleg Sprague, for a long period judge of the United States District Court for Massachusetts, died in this city last week, as the venerable age of eighty-eight years.

— The water in all the ponds, streams and wells has become very low.

— The Plethygemograph is the name of an instrument lately devised, by which the direct and comparative effect of mental effort, whether more or less vigorous, upon the physical system is made apparent.

— They have been selling water from Lake Champlain at St. Albans for twenty-five cents a barrel.

— Modjeska has been sued in damages for $30,000 in London, on account of her refusal to come to America this season.

— Having finally surrendered Dulcigno, the Porte expects the powers to give up the idea of exercising pressure with regard to the settlement of the other pending questions.

— The German carp is to be introduced among the fishes at Chode Island, it being a good fish for food.

— There has been a decidedly "bullish" temper in the stock market of late.

— The estimate is, that there are at present $369,881,003 gold and $149,799,335 silver in the country.

— Mr Daniel Carpenter, who started the manufacture of straw goods at Stoughton, Mass., died last week, at the age of eighty-five years.

— Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of this city, gave a reception to Thomas Hughes, M. P., of England, author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," last Monday afternoon.

— There is just this to be said about the stock market: while the feeling of the outside public is bullish, the leading manifestators are working the other way.

— Nearly 14,000 cases were tried before the Boston Municipal Court for the year ending Sept. 30th.

— The present fortnightly line of ocean steamers between Boston and Glasgow will be changed to a weekly one after the present month, and the Allan line between Liverpool and Boston will begin weekly service on the 11th of November, with a steamer from Liverpool.

— Cambridge has been suffering recently from apartment ho el thieves.

— The multitude of frogs in Winnipeg is described by the Toronto Globe as something absolutely frightful.

— The "Ladies' Deposit Company" of this city has "gone up" under an attachment.

— A cheap transportation convention, composed of four hundred delegates, was held in Chicago last week.

— In the November number of Harper is a poem by Tennyson, on the death of his brother.

— Baltimore had a real week of it last week. She made six jubilees rolled into one.

— There is discord in the Imperial family over the Czar's recent morganatic marriage.

— The Italian monks and Carmelites have been driven from their religious houses in Paris, in several instances by force.

— The great strike of the English weavers has terminated with the submission of the strikers to a five per cent. reduction in their wages. Fifteen hundred men have been idle for a fortnight.

— A severe wind storm on Sunday last prostrated the telegraph wires in every direction, in the Northwest. Telegraphic communication with the Pacific coast had then been suspended about a week.

— The contractors of the St. Gothard Tunnel have applied for a prolongation of the time for the completion of the tunnel. It was not expected to be open for traffic until late in 1883.

— The Pope will not interfere in any way in the impending land troubles in Ireland, being resolved to avoid all interference in the political affairs of the nations.

— The defalcation in the City Treasury is the theme of general comment, outside of politics during the week.

— Minister Thornton will sail for England with his family on the 6th of November.

— Ex-Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, now eighty-one years old, has presented to a Lutheran congregation in that State a house and land for a parsonage, as a memorial of his wife. The house stands on the spot on which Mr. Cameron was born.

— Five new steamers are to be built on the Clyde by the French Shipping Company, for service between Canada and Havre.

— Railroad passenger rates are being cut fearfully at the West, and unless the war is soon terminated there will be a general dropping of rates at the East and all over the country.

— The Louisiana rice crop for the present season is reported to be very low.

— A number of vessels, with the human lives on board, were wrecked in the recent fierce storm on Lake Michigan.

— Gen. Grant felt compelled to decline the invitation of the Vermont Legislature to pay a visit to that State.

— By the first of January next, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the Southern Pacific Railroads will form a junction, thus opening a new route to the Pacific.

— The stock market appears to be pretty much as undecided as ever. There are favorite stocks, but the general feeling among the managers is bearish.

— Boston punished its first incendiary, who was convicted on his reputation more than anything else, by cutting off his ears, placing him in the pillory for two hours, and compelling him to give bonds in five hundred pounds to behave himself in the future.

Many Hundred Physicians have testified that they have *prevented* consumption and cured diseases of debility and nervousness by giving Vitalized Phosphites.

☞ Praised by all who have ever used it for coughs and colds, or any trouble with the throat and lungs. Toplift's Syrup of Tar is the remedy.

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow never fails.

☞ Canvassers make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms. aug21-52

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

The market is firm. Fine factories sell at 13 @13¼c; good at 12@12¼c, and fair cheese at 11 @11¼c ₱ lb.

Editor's Table.

☞ *Scribner's Monthly* for November is a decennial number, the publishers announcing an edition of one hundred and twenty-five thousand. More than sixty pictures illustrate this magnificent anniversary number, and an entirely new cover, the design of Stanford White, distinguishes the opening of the twenty-first volume. The list of contents run as follows, the illustrations being included as they richly deserve to be:—The Bower, after the painting by Millet, engraved by T. Cole; Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer, Part I, by Eugene Schuyler, profusely and elegantly illustrated; Bordentown and the Bonapartes, with a remarkable variety of striking and characteristic illustrations; "O Silver River Flowing to the Sea," a poem, by R. ; Walt Whitman, with portrait, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; The Secret of Second Sight, by an Ex-Confessor; Two Singers, verse; Tiger-Lily, in three parts,—Part I; The Thought of Astyanax beside Jubus, by S. M. B. Piatt; Zeriah Hope, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Lost Hellas, by H. J. Boyeson; A Chapter on Tableaux, with numerous illustrations; Jean Francois Millet—Peasant and Painter, Part III, lavishly illustrated; "O Tell me not of Heavenly Halls," poem, by Celia Thaxter; Elihu Vedder, with many spirited illustrations, by Charles De Kay; On Two Pictures by Vedder, by H. H.; Mr. Gladstone, with portrait from Photograph; St. Martin's Summer: Leonard Woods,—Prof. Park's Memorial, by Richard Henry Dana; Artemus Ward, by E. S. Nadal; "Pray You, Love, Remember," and Topics of the Time, with the usual editorial department. Scribner has outdone all its former efforts in this issue, which is a really royal one. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* for November, closes with this issue its sixty-first volume. The contents are—Saint Cecilia, with numerous illustrations; Rabilais at Home, illustrated; Around the Year, a poem; Saline Types, with profuse illustrations; Upon Spur, a poem, with an illustration, by Robert Herrick; Old Dutch Masters, illustrated with six striking pictures; The Brok en Bars, a sonnet, with an illustration; The Level Land, a poem; An Autumn Pastoral, illustrated most liberally and in a very striking manner; Pig Sticking in India, illustrated; Midnight, June 30, 1879, a poem, by Alfred Tennyson; The Drift-Wood Fire, a story, illustrated, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; White Wings, a Yachting Romance, by William Black, concluded; Porcelain Painting; Washington Square, a novel, by Henry James, Jr.; Securing a Competence, by Titus Munson Coan; Rev. Mr. Bland's Wrestle with the Chester White Hog; October, a poem; Scientific Common-School Education; by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; The Battle of King's Mountain, a centennial poem, by Paul H. Hayne; and the usual variety in the several editorial departments. It is a richly superior number, and a fit one with which to close the sixty-first volume of this venerable monthly. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

☞ *The Popular Science Monthly* for November begins an important series of papers by Herbert Spencer, and is the first number of a new volume. The Spencer papers are on the Development of Political Institutions, applying the doctrine of evolution to political government as a branch of sociology. Following this opening paper are—The Sun's Head, by Prof. C. A. Young, with illustrations; Education as a Hindrance to Manual Occupations, by Prof. S. P. Thompson; the Glacial Man in America, by B. F. DeCosta; A Flock of Mythological Crows, by W. H. Gardner; The Electric Burglar Alarm, illustrated; Mental Imagry, by Francis Galton, F. R. S.; Henry and Faraday, by Prof. Alfred M. Mayer; The Evolution of Organic Form, by Charles Morris; The Profusion of Life, by Arabella B. Buckley; Criticisms Corrected, No. II, by Herbert Spencer; Hypnotism, by George J. Romans; Sketch of Lewis H. Morgan, with portrait, by J. W. Powell; and Correspondence: Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. Always varied and rich, the present number shows qualities and features that demonstrate the rare and high value of this popular monthly. A. Williams and Co. have it for sale.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly* for November presents the reading with a table of contents as follows: The Portrait of a Lady, a story by Henry James, Jr., parts I to IV; The Jew's Gift, A. D. 1200, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; The Silk In dustry in America, by S. J. Barrows; His Best; Storms of Autumn, Georgics of Virgil, Book I, Verses 311 334, by H. W. Preston; Intimate Life of a Golden Age Family, Part III; The Future of Weather Foretelling, by N. S. Shaler; A Sleeping City, by C. H. Clement; Philosophy and Apples, by G. P. Lathrop; A Search for the Pleiades, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Reminiscences of Washington, No. VIII, The Tyler Administration, 1843-45; North Wind in Autumn, by Anna Read; What is a Fact? by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Letters and Notes from England, by Richard Grant White; Mr. Aldrich's Fiction; Recent Poetry—a review of new poems; Mahaffy's Greek Literature; Shakespeare et L'Antiquite; An Englishman's England; A True Republic; and, the Contributors' Club. There is good literature to be found in a number like this, and it is for such that the Atlantic is everywhere noted. A. Williams & Co., have it in their counters.

☞ *Blackwoods' Magazine* for October contains:—Dr. Worthe's School, Part VI; Memory; The Enchanted Bridle, a Legendary Ballad; Bush Life in Queensland, concluded; The Roof of the World; Lois, a sketch; Life and Death, Three Sonnets; Society and the Salons before the French Revolution; and, The Stump Ministry, the First Lesson. Republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, of New York.

☞ The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barcley Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

☞ *The Almanac Calendar* is one of the handiest and neatest novelties of the season. It is beautiful in point of typography, and most ingenious and convenient in arrangement. On the face of each sheet is the monthly calendar, having, with the day and dates, the time of sunrise and sunset plainly above and below the date figures, which are more prominent. It gives also the phases of the moon for each month. On the reverse of each sheet is to be found a variety of useful information, of a rather encyclopedia character and in convenient form. Each sheet is arranged on a hinge, and the whole calendar either hangs up or stands resting on a support most ingeniously provided. It is issued by the Almanac Calendar Co., 29 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ *Nursery Tales*, the Boys' and Girls' Painting Book, comprising twelve tile drawings for coloring, is a remarkably pretty and bright conception, and is bound to win the juvinile favor at once. It is by G. F. B., and contains twelve "jingley" poems by C. D. B. Its beautiful covers, in eight colors, will make a boy or girl smile merely to look at it. It is an art-book for the children, containing a beautiful decorative picture for each month, drawn in the true tile style, and which will shine out brilliantly when the water colors are applied. Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *How I Found It North and South*, is the title of a little volume, in paper covers and very neatly printed, concerning which the publishers say that it is not a book of fiction, or of theory, but of facts. Nearly the whole of it appeared originally in the *Ploughman*, in the form of letters, and is in its present collected form but another tribute from prominent publishers to the value of the articles which appear in the *Ploughman* columns. The book, as our readers all know, is a narrative which relates the varied and eventful experience of a New England farm-boy in his enterprising effort to establish a home in Florida, there is the whole story. The history of the writer's experience is expected to have some value for those who desire to go to farming, and is also a pleasant sketch of country life. Lee & Shepard, publishers.

☞ *The Anthem Harp*, for chorus and quartet choirs, by W. O. Perkins, is a book of ordinary church music-book size, and appears to contain an excellent variety of "Opening Pieces," or Anthems, for the use of common choirs. It is designed to be a successor to "Perkins's Anthem Book" by the same author. And as the latter proved a very popular book, the same result is to be confidently predicted for its successor. It contains 240 pages, and nearly one hundred pieces, and its words are chiefly taken from the Scriptures. Published by Oliver Ditson and Co.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."—*Salem Post.*

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet NavyTobacco

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[Official.]

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN D. LONG,

GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH:

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, upon the adoption of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the first General Court assembled on the twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1780, and the Government was organized:

Now, therefore, in honor thereof, I call attention to the anniversary which is near at hand. It will mark the end of a hundred years of free popular government. During that period there has been a vast expansion of the Commonwealth in population, education, wealth and material activity, but its Constitution remains substantially the same—a monument to the foresight and wisdom of the men who made and adopted it. It has been a period lustrous with the names of great and good men and women who, in church and State and school, in war and peace, in letters, art and science, and in every department of usefulness and humanity, have added to the renown of Massachusetts and to the welfare and happiness of her people. It has been a hundred years of law and order, of enlarging freedom, of riches accumulating in the hands of labor, of increasing education and of a Christian charity at home and abroad that has reached out its help to the whole world, whether it welcomed the stranger within its gates or sent its missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth. While it has handed down its perils and suggests the continued need of eternal vigilance, of every moral and religious safeguard, and of an unflinching fight against the enemies of temptation, vice and crime, it has yet vindicated the stability and safety of a government of the people founded on the principles of piety, education and equality.

I trust, therefore, that Monday, the twenty-fifth day of October current, will not pass altogether without observation of the events it commemorates; that our clergymen and teachers will call attention to them; that flags will be hung out and that a grateful people will thank God for the beneficent Constitution, the wise laws, the religious, civil and social blessings under which they live in a Commonwealth than which there is none more favored in all the world.

Given at the Executive Chamber this eighteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

JOHN D. LONG.

By His Excellency the Governor,
HENRY B. PIERCE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* 1e12-13t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Oct. 13th, by Rev. A. H. Plumb, J Dwight Nason of Detroit, Minnesota, to Cornelia P., daughter of E. G. Scavey, all of Merrimac.

In this city, Oct. 12th, George Carl Lorenz Meyer of Hamburg, Germany, to Emily Rebecca Maynard of this city.

In this city, Oct. 13th, by Rev. C. H. Spaulding, Ralph T. Marden to Mabel S. Shaw, both of this city.

In this city, Oct. 14th, by Rev. A. J. Patterson, James E. Smith of Abington to Caroline Lindholm of Boston.

In Hyde Park, Oct. 19th, by Rev. P. B. Davis, Trueworthy Heywood to Ann Eliza R. Farnsworth, both of Boston.

In Weston, Oct. 16th, by Rev. Abiel Silver, James S. Conant of Boston to Jennett O. Bryant, daughter of Seth Bryant of Williamsburg.

In Merrimac, Oct. 13th, by Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Mr. W. B. Sargent to Emma Louise, only child of the late Dr. O. F. Searey, all of Merrimac.

In Detroit, Mich., Oct. 6th, H. H. Bartlett of Westfield to Kittie F. Kendall.

In Westfield, Oct. 7th, Edward H. Mansfield to Belle E. Duppard.

In Boston Highlands, Oct. 14th, by Rev. Percy Browne, Charles de Cordova of New York to Ella M. Nichols.

In Cambridge, Oct. 14th, by Rev. Charles F. Thwing, Edwin F. Fobes to Jessie, daughter of L. G. Burnell.

In Lowell, Mass., Oct. 14th, by Rev. Elias Nason, Charles O. Richardson to Miss Jennie M., daughter of Peter E. Coburn, of Lowell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 16th, Harriet, wife of Francis Curtis, in the 66th year of her age.

In this city, Oct. 17th, Dr. William H. Dale.

In this city, Oct. 18th, Albert P. Holden of Dorchester, 48 years 5 months.

In this city, Oct. 19th, Henry A. Holbrook, 74 yrs.

In Canton, Oct. 16th, Mrs. Eunice Billings, 93 years 9 months.

In Boston Highlands, Oct. 18th, Mrs. Abbie Hudson, 54 years.

In North Orange, Mass., Oct. 15th, Harvey Hurd, 62 years.

In Bradford, Oct. 17th, Frederick Johnson, 91 yrs.

In Exeter, N. H., Oct. 19th, Mrs. Luella S., wife of Samuel Sayward, formerly of Gloucester.

In Plymouth, N. H., Oct. 11th, Mrs. Deborah Snow, widow of the late William Snow of Waterville, N. H., 84 years 6 months.

In Roxbury, Oct. 19th, George H. Wiggin, 51 yrs.

In North Reading, Oct. 17th, after a brief illness of pneumonia, Miss Nancy A. Wilkins, 84 years 3 months 9 years.

In Philadelphia, Oct. 17th, Mr. David Wood, late of Lexington, 73 years.

In Dorchester, (Lower Mills,) Oct

NEWS SUMMARY.

The loss by the fire at Charleston, S. C., is now estimated at $586,000; partly insured.

The carriage factory of Carl Mendelsberg of East Lexington has been burned; loss $2000.

A house belonging to Albert F. Cushing of North Abington was burned Sunday; loss $1400.

There was a slight fall of snow at Cincinnati on Sunday.

Curtis Dayton of Watertown, Conn., has been probably fatally gored by a vicious bull of his.

Charles F. Forbes of Plymouth has died of hydrophobia caused by the bite of a dog a year ago last July.

Four persons were drowned in the harbor at Stockton, Me., Monday, by the upsetting of a boat.

Reuben Chapin of Lndlow had two sheep killed and two wounded, and W. Dunlap had two nearly killed by dogs last week.

Edward A. Harmon, aged 30, of Saccarappa, committed suicide by taking opium at Island Hotel on Saturday. Temporarily insane.

On Saturday a train on the Maple Valley branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was blockaded by snow drifts, reported to be from five to seven feet deep.

Some portions of the West and Northwest have been visited by a severe gale, which did a great deal of damage to property and destroyed a good many lives.

The regular mail train on the Passumpsic railroad ran into a freight train, Saturday, near Derby Line, Vt., smashing the engine and several freight cars, delaying the mail train five hours.

Friday evening, U. T. Cram of Readville, Me., aged 81, attempted to board a train after the cars started, and was dragged. His head was cut and legs shattered.

Chief Victoria and his warriors have been captured or killed by the Mexican troops. The murderous savage is said to have committed over 400 murders.

A train that left Dubuque on Friday morning over the Illinois Central Road for the West struck a snow drift west of Howell, and the winds piled in the snow faster than it could be shoveled out.

In the Charlestown District Court, T. B. Brown was held in $500 for trial on the charge of setting fire to a shanty owned by him at 91 Ann street, for the purpose of getting the insurance.

Moses O. French of Norway, Me., was attacked by highwaymen of Waterford Saturday night, thrown from his carriage and robbed of $80. One of the robbers threw a bag over his head, while the other rifled his pockets.

A terrific snow storm occurred in the province of Buenos Ayres on the 18th of September, killing, it is said, 700,000 cattle, 500,000 sheep and 20,000 horses.

Gardner S. Melendy of Fairlee, Vt., has lost several head of cattle from a disease which it is feared is pleuro-pneumonia.

Edgar Wilson of East Thompson, Conn., fell into a well which he was digging on Friday, breaking his neck, smashing his skull, fracturing his collar bone and right shoulder. His age was 34 years.

All along the Sioux City Railroad from that point to Sioux City snow fell continuously Friday night and Saturday, melting almost as fast as it fell. Saturday night the sheet of ice and snow was reported from three to four inches thick.

Dogs got into a herd of sheep belonging to Asa Potts, Manchester, N. J., at Brown's Mills, Burlington county, Friday night, and killed 61. Twenty-five others were mutilated and had to be slaughtered.

The total number of immigrants arriving at Castle Garden the past week was 6600. This far in the year 1880 the number of foreigners brought to that port is 270,395, or three times the number up to Oct 1st 16 last year.

John Garbagan, a 12 year old boy in Duxbury, Vt., was missing Sunday afternoon. The whole neighborhood searched till after midnight, when he was found in the pasture so badly bruised that he will die. He was injured by being thrown from a yearling colt that he was trying to ride.

Saturday evening a light fall of snow occurred at Rochester, N. Y., which lasted for a few hours. The wind, however, blew very hard from the westward.

Quite a heavy snow occurred at Buffalo, Saturday night, and the wind which was from the east, blew so fiercely that none cared to face the blast.

M. Joseph T. Bailey, president of the Boylston National Bank, Boston, has presented to the North Scituate Baptist church the 1272 pound bell which was one of the features of the process of September 17. Mr. Bailey is a native of that town.

John A. Woodward, a cashier in the office of the city treasurer of Boston, is found to have been engaged for over four years in a series of embezzlements, which now foot up $82,000, and he has disappeared.

The clothing of a six years old daughter of C. F. Hayward, postmaster at Temple, N. H., was on Monday caught upon a revolving shaft at the grist mill of W. P. Bacon, and before assistance could be rendered she suffered a fracture of both thighs, one leg, arm and forearm, and possibly sustained internal injuries. The fractures were all adjusted.

A baby of Mrs. Mark Kimball of Hopkington, N. H. was burned to death in its cradle the other day, the fire being supposed to have started from a spark snapped from a wood fire.

Wm. Eaton, seventeen years old, son of Robert C. Eaton of South Seabrook, N. H., has been suffering several weeks from a bullet wound received from a toy revolver, which will probably leave him with a crippled hand. This is the boy's third experience with pistol-shot wounds.

A serious disaster occurred on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad at East Liberty, Page county, Va., Saturday afternoon, the entire trestlework, 1200 feet long and 94 feet high, going down with a crash, and instantly killing Waker Jones of Barboursville, Orange county, viz injuring seriously Stewart Bawcock of Edinburgh, Rockingham county; loss $10,000 to $12,000. The accident will probably delay the completion of this section of the road several months.

The success of the cattle ranches this side of the Rocky Mountains in the United States has induced some of the Dominion's capitalists and cattle-men to establish a large ranch at the base of the same mountains in the Northwest territories. The ranch is to be stocked with several hundred carefully-selected Montana cows, and bulls of the best pedigree to be found. The early completion of the Canada Pacific road is expected to make cattle-raising general and profitable in all that undeveloped region.

Miss Amy G. Wordell, daughter of Mr. Leonard C. Wordell of Pawtucket, died on Tuesday last, under singular circumstances. Several weeks since Miss Wordell became impressed with the belief that she was committing a sin in partaking of food. Gradually this singular mania increased in strength and she ate more and more sparingly, until six weeks ago she utterly refused to taste of food or drink. So persistent was she in this delusion that it was impossible to induce her to partake of any nourishment, and none during that time passed her lips except at long intervals, when by the use of physical force she was compelled to swallow a small amount of liquid. In all else Miss Wordell appeared entirely rational and kept about her household duties cheerfully until within a few days before her death, when exhausted nature rebelled and she succumbed. She sank and died on Thursday. Miss Wordell was 32 years of age.

AN EDUCATIONAL ENDORSEMENT.

The Rev. C. A. Harvey, D. D., of the Howard University, of Washington, has addressed the following letter to Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN.—I take pleasure in stating that I have for two years past been acquainted with the remedy known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and with its remarkable curative efficiency in obstinate and so-called incurable cases of Bright's Disease in this city. In some of these cases, which seemed to be in the last stages, and which had been given up by practitioners of both schools, the speedy change wrought by this remedy seemed but little less than miraculous. I am convinced that for Bright's Disease, in all its stages, no remedy heretofore discovered can be held for one moment in comparison with this. Respectfully yours, C. A. HARVEY.

PROFIT, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of which was spent simply for three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

BUFFALO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Cattle.—Choice steady. Extra steers at $5 15@5 30; good shippers at $4 85@5 75; common to fair mixed lots at $2 85@3 45.

Sheep and Lambs.—Market dull but unchanged.

Hogs.—Market dull and lower. York weights at $4 90@5 10; extra at $5 12½; heavy and medium at $4 90@5 25; medium quality heavy at $4 60@4 85; mixed light at $4 25@4 65; coarse rough and common at $3 25@4 25.

Wanted,

A SITUATION by a married man, as foreman on a dairy or gentleman's place; understands thoroughly farming and hot-beds, the raising of fine breed cattle, poultry and vegetables; wife a fine butter-maker. Best of reference. Address H. L., Cambridgeport, Mass. oct23.1t*

Bees and Honey.

ITALIAN Queens and Colonies, Bee Hives, Section Boxes and all Apiarian supplies.

If you are in any way interested in bees, send for Circular. PERRY BROTHERS, Lowell, Mass. oct23-12t

Established 1843.

WOODWARD & BROWN, PIANOS.

592 Washington St., Boston.

PIANOS Sold on Instalments.—TO RENT, and Second-hand Pianos exchanged for new. oct15-7

FARMERS AND DEALERS,

OLD Consigners, and new ones, canseud us all kinds of Produce as usual to be sold on Commission. Highest market prices guaranteed and prompt returns in all cases. Price Currents sent to all who desire them.

J. W. HARRIS & CO., Commission Merchants, No. 20 Washington St., Boston, Mass. sep11-y

RECKERS & BRADFORD'S

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL,

19 Boylston Street, Boston.

THOROUGH TRAINING FOR BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

SURVEYING AND NAVIGATION.

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

Pupils of KITHER AKE admitted at any time. sep7-13t

DR. SHERMAN

NOTIFIES the Ruptured that his Boston Office will be closed after this month for several weeks. Each week through October he may be consulted at his office, 49 Milk st., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. oct16-3t

RUBBER HORSE-SHOE PAD.

Patented Nov. 19, 1878.

The best invented relief from and prevention of lameness. Gives natural bearing to sole and frog. I warrant to cure, if applied at any shop, lameness from Corns, Quarter Cracks, Dropped Soles and Low Heels. Trial pair sent to any address for $1.25, with illustrative circular, giving very best testimonials.

C. A. WELLS, Patentee.

Office and Factory, Upham Corner, Ward 24, Boston, Mass. oct23-13t

Wanted,

BY a first-class dairyman a situation to carry on a dairy or milk Farm for a salary. Received First Prize on butter at N. E. Fair, 1880. Or would rent good dairy Farm with stock and tools for term of years. Satisfactory reference. Address Box 597, Spencer, Mass. oct23-4t

MARCH PLOWING!

Oliver Chilled Plow!

HAS a March Steel Point that cuts 10 inches deep and 16 inches wide. Warranted to work perfectly with the Horse in the furrow or the whole team on the sod.

CHILLED SWIVEL PLOWS.

(Copy.) READING, 18th October.

I have tried the Oliver Chilled Plow in a meadow that had never been ploughed, full of hassocks, roots and stones, where I had tried four other Ploughs and none of them bears to compare with the Oliver in ease of draft, width of furrow and ease of holding. Yours truly,

(Signed) H. G. RANDALL.

WHITTEMORE BROS.,

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, 129 & 130 South Market St., Boston. oct3-tc

SPECIAL FEEDS

For POULTRY And CATTLE.

Animal Meal, or something to Make Hens Lay,

Is made of fresh meat, fresh bone, dried and ground to a sweet meal, which fowls eat greedily, stimulating egg production, and a healthy condition. Trial Bags, 15 lbs., 50 cents; 100 lbs., $2.50.

Bowker's Ground Oyster Shells made from shells, thoroughly washed, and reduced to the proper size for feeding. This supplies the lime, and is a substitute for bone, being cheaper. 25 lbs bag, 30 cents; 100 lbs, 75 cents.

Bowk r's Bone Meal for Cattle, made from carefully selected bone, reduced to a meal—white, clean, and perfectly sweet. Many farmers claim that the feeding of bone meal prevents abortion in cows. If your cattle are gnawing boards or old boots, it is an indication that they require bone to meet a want of their system. 10 lb. Bag, 50 cents; 100 lbs. $2.00.

Circulars, giving particulars in full, mailed free. Address

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO., 43 Chatham Street, Boston. 3 Park Place, New York. oct23-1c

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE, 167 TREMONT ST., Boston, Mass. oct23-tf

ORGANS 14 Stops, 4 Sets Reeds, OCTAVE COUPLERS, Walnut Case, Top-Piano Desk, Automatic Bellows-Action, Only $65. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. oct23-y

AN OPEN LETTER!

DEAR READER! Have you a home of your own? Are you permanently located for life? If not—open a way to Heaven by exercising your God-given power to acquire a home on Earth. In and around Pierceville, Texas, we offer you the even numbered Lots (6x115 feet for $1; size 2, 3, 4, 5 and 10 acre Lots and tracts of any size from $1 per acre upward. Terms easy, NO INTEREST. Soil, rich black sandy loam, very productive. Located on a beautiful prairie near the banks of Austin River at the Head of Navigation, winding its way through a wilderness of Garden Lands in perpetual verdure towards Galveston, 80 miles; navigable all year round; and R. R. in all directions; only 12 miles to the Gulf. Game, Fish and Oysters plentiful. No Fevers. The growing demand for Vegetables and Fruit at Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Santa Fe, etc., during their cold Winter and Spring, offers excellent opportunities to expert Gardeners and Farmers here. Carloads are wanted daily. New Potatoes brought 6c per pound in March, April and May here. Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco, Vegetables and Fruit grow in the same field, and grazing is perennial. Potatoes yield two heavy crops a year.

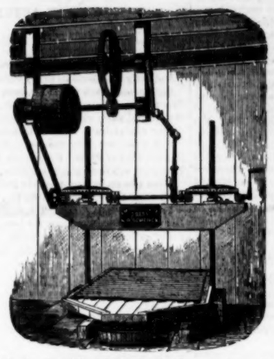
We also offer tax free Land certificates of 640 acres each, issued to us by the State for services rendered, to be located at pleasure of the holder anywhere on the public Land; actual Settlement not required. It is payment in full, at face value wherever located for 640 acres. Price $320, half cash, half in five years. Will exchange for agricultural Implements or Merchandise, or sell on monthly payments of $5. Tickets to our next monthly Land Distribution $1 each, 6 for $5 or 13 for $10, monthly 1000 Tickets. Invest for your Children—prepare for a rainy day. Address (Lock Box 597) E. B. STORK, Sec'y "Home Exchange," Chesango, Brazoria Co., Texas.

Fare from New York to Houston, $30; from St. Louis, $14; for Immigrants here. Send Draft or Money by Express or in registered Letters. Money Orders must be made payable at Galveston, Texas. Cut this out. oct9-13t

te28-1c

50 New Style Cards, Lith'g'd in colors, 10c; 60 Ag'ts Samples, 10c. Conn. Card Co., Northord, Ct. sly31-28t

THE EMPIRE STATE CIDER PRESS.



This Press took HIGHEST AWARD in September, 1879.

No. 2 is capable of making 100 barrels of cider in ten hours.

No. 1 is a handy size for ordinary work. Its capacity is 50 barrels per day. It can be used by hand or power.

This Press is now offered to the public as the most perfect Press now in use. It combines in a rare degree the essential qualities of Simplicity, Strength, power and ease of operation. They have been thoroughly tested both by hand and power, and all weak points found. Catalogues mailed on application, or we shall be happy to show the Press in operation at our warerooms.

SCHENCK POWER APPLE GRINDER.

It is capable of grinding from 100 to 400 bushels of apples per hour, according to power used,—is durable and convenient, will make a pomace which will produce more cider than any other mill in use. Send for Circular.

JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE, 51, 52 & 53 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

HAMLIN'S Rubber Bucket CHAIN PUMP

Gives entire satisfaction. We warrant them to pump 30 gallons a minute.—Not liable to get out of order.

GREAT VICTORY!

Our No. 20 Oliver Chilled Plow took the First Premium at Sutton Cattle Show, with one horse weighing 720 lbs, 27 years old, and one 23 years old, weighing 805 lbs—sixteen entries.

Our Steel Swivel Plow also took first premium—thirteen entries.

ENSILAGE CUTTERS,

WHITTEMORE BROS.,

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, 129 & 130 South Market Street. sep18-4t

FARMERS!

THE MATFIELD FERTILIZER

Modified for any of the Fall Crops,

Fall Grass, Seeding Down, apply	700	lbs pr acre
Grass, Top Dressing,	800	" "
Turnips,	800	" "
Winter Rye,	400	" "
Wheat,	600	" "

We claim that the Matfield Formulas are the most successful and produce better and more uniform results than any other Chemical Fertilizer Formulas.

Send for Circular.

MATFIELD FERTILIZER CO., 13 Doane St., Boston, Mass. my1-6t&sep4-7t

50 ELEGANT CARDS Transparent, 10c. Stamps taken. 50 styles, with name, 10c. 40 W. MOORE, Brockport, N. Y. sep25-13t

LATEST AND BEST.

LION FODDER CUTTER, FOR CUTTING ENSILAGE.

This Cutter is strong and well built; will cut any desired length and a greater quantity in the same time than any machine manufactured. It is equally adapted for Hay, etc., and you will do well, if before purchasing, you examine it, as it is certainly the best, and possesses the latest improvements.

PARKER & GANNETT,

Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

49 North Market St., & 46 Merchants Row, Boston.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. o16-tf

WHEELER'S ECLIPSE WIND-MILL.

First Self-Regulating Solid Wheel Mill invented. Improved upon for 15 years. Over 8000 in use, and seen all over the Union. Adopted exclusively by over 50 leading Railroads. Export returns show more Eclipse Mills sent abroad than all other Mills combined. Received the highest honors at Philadelphia and Paris. Obtained the first premium at the New England Fair in Portland, 1877, and in Worcester, 1878 and 1879.

This Mill is perfectly noiseless when in operation and as firm against a storm as a solid building. Can be made as ornamental as desired. With each Mill full guarantee of satisfaction is furnished; if it fails to satisfy, the amount paid will be refunded. We build 19 different sizes, according to the various purposes and the amount of work to be accomplished.

Prices from $75.00 upward.

Below we give a few names of well-known gentlemen, to whom the "Eclipse" has given full satisfaction: Jordan, March & Co., Framingham; Richard Nelson, of Framingham; State Normal School, Framingham; Harvey D. Parker, of Parker House, Saxonville; J. Warren Merrill, 93 Milk St., Boston; Wm. E. Baker, Wellesley; W. D. Philbrick, Newton; Dr. Dio Lewis, Arlington Heights; Dr. Chas. P. Cullis, Cancer Home, Walpole; C. H. Fisk, Esq., Stony Brook; G. W. Hollis, Brighton; Hon. Frank Jones, Portsmouth; Ricker & Young, Poland Springs, Me.; Damon & Soom, Atlantic H'se, Nantasket.

View of the Eclipse Wind Mill of James Vick, Esq., whose letter we give below.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April, 1879.

MR. L. H. WHEELER, 40 Oliver Street, Boston

DEAR SIR.—Having had in use one of your 16-foot Wind Engines since 1875, I can certify to its power and efficiency. During this time it has

NEVER BEEN OUT OF REPAIR,

and is to-day, in as good working order as when first erected.

While many mills of other makes in this vicinity have been wrecked by gales, I find the Eclipse perfectly self-controlling, and it does not suffer the slightest injury from our severest winds. It furnishes a full supply of water for five Greenhouses, House, Stable, and for irrigating purposes for about fifteen acres, through which runs several thousand feet of distributing pipe. With medium wind we raise twenty to thirty barrels per hour, twenty-five feet lift. In short, the working of the mill is so satisfactory that no change is desired. A smaller mill would do our work, or the one we have would run two such pumps as we are using. JAS. VICK.

For full particulars and Circulars, apply to

L. H. WHEELER, 40 Oliver St., Boston, Mass. ap17-9m

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

OF ANY AMOUNT. CHECKS and DRAFTS received on deposits. All Deposits paid at sight by check or drafts.

INTERNATIONAL TRUST CO., BOSTON. 45 MILK STREET, Corner of Devonshire.

PRESIDENT, AARON C. MAYHEW.

VICE PRESIDENTS, HENRY SMITH, WILLIAM T. PARKER.

jan31 HENRY L. JEWETT, Sec'y.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure For all Female Complaints.

THIS PREPARATION RESTORES THE BLOOD TO ITS NATURAL CONDITION, DIRECTS THE VITAL POWER AMONG IT, STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES OF THE UTERUS AND LIFTS IT INTO PLACE, AND GIVES IT TONE AND STRENGTH, SO THAT THE CURE IS radical and entire. It strengthens THE BACK AND PELVIC REGION; IT GIVES TONE TO THE WHOLE NERVOUS SYSTEM; IT RESTORES DISPLACED ORGANS TO THEIR NATURAL POSITION. THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

It will, at all times and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex, this Compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at the proprietors laboratory.

No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Price, $1. Six Bottles to one address, $5.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlets. Address as above.

No family should be without Lydia E. Pinkham's LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cts. per box.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, General Agents.

Sold by Druggists. mh13

Iron Stable Fittings.

Iron Stable Fixtures, (being more durable and cheaper than wood.)

—ALSO—

Manufacturers of WEATHER VANES, FLOWER POT BRACKETS, WIRE FLOWER STANDS, &c.

THE OAKES M'F'G CO., 111 Washington St., Boston. Catalogue free. sep13-13t

GRAVES' PREPARED FOOD —AND— TONIC, FOR CANARIES AND PET BIRDS.

Is a sure cure for loss of song and bad moulting. Invaluable to Canaries as a sure cure for colds and asthma. In fact, all diseases that Canaries and other birds are subject to, can be overcome by this Food and Tonic. Prices: Food, 10 cts.; Tonic, per bottle, 15 cts.

TESTIMONIALS.

MR. JACOB GRAVES:

Dear Sir.—Your Tonic has cured my bird of a very bad case of asthma. I think it is the best remedy yet discovered for feathered pets. I also recommend your prepared food to keep them in song.

J. T. MARSHALL, Bailey St.

Dear Sir.—I write this to say that my Canary bird had not sang for more than a year, and you told me you could cure him, and I brought him to you. You kept him six weeks and now he sings far better than he ever did, and thanking you very much, I can heartily recommend you to any one who has a bird that has lost his song.

Yours truly, A. C. WINN, 31 Wallace St., West Somerville.

MALDEN, March 8, 1880.

MR. JACOB GRAVES:

Dear Sir.—Your Tonic has cured two of my birds, and restored them to song. I think it is the best remedy yet discovered for Canaries losing their song, and I recommend your prepared food for keeping them in song and in health.

C. A. LITTLE. STONEHAM, Sept. 6, 1879.

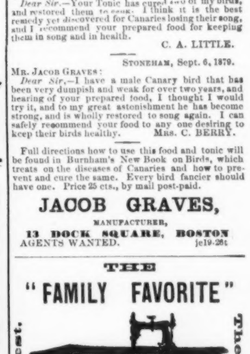
MR. JACOB GRAVES:

Dear Sir.—I have a male Canary bird that has been very dumpish and weak for over two years, and hearing of your prepared food, I thought I would try it, and to my great astonishment he has become strong, and is wholly restored to song again. I can safely recommend your food to any one desiring to keep their birds healthy. MRS. C. BERRY.

Full directions how to use this food and tonic will be found in Burnham's New Book on Birds, which treats on the diseases of Canaries and how to prevent and cure the same. Every bird fancier should have one. Price 25 cts., by mail post-paid.

JACOB GRAVES, MANUFACTURER, 13 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON AGENTS WANTED. je19-26t

THE "FAMILY FAVORITE"



The Very Best.

IMPROVED

SEWING MACHINE!

Light-Running, Noiseless, Not Gears, No Cams, No Springs, New and Elegant Style of Work.

Loose Flywheel, Automatic Spooler, Casters in Stand, Largest Shuttle used, simple, easy to learn, requires no repairs at all.

Instruction Book so plain that no other teacher is required. If you see it, you will buy it.

Prices as low as any first-class Machine

Weed Sewing Machine Co., HARTFORD, CONN. my22-26t

PERFECTLY SAFE IN THE MOST INEXPERIENCED HANDS!

For Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, AND ALL THOSE NUMEROUS TROUBLES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS SO PREVALENT AT THIS SEASON,

No Remedy known to the Medical Profession has been in use so long and with such uniformly satisfactory results as

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world in the treatment of these difficulties, that it has come to be considered

AN UNFAILING CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

and such it really is when taken in time and according to the very plain directions inclosing each bottle.

In such diseases, the attack is usually sudden and frequently very acute; but with a safe remedy at hand for immediate use, there is seldom danger of the fatal result which so often follows a few days' neglect.

The inclination to wait and see if the morrow does not bring a better feeling, not infrequently occasions a vast amount of needless suffering, and sometimes costs a life. A timely dose of Pain Killer will almost invariably save both, and with them the attendant doctor's fee.

It has stood the test of forty years' constant use in all countries and climates, and is perfectly safe in any person's hands.

It is recommended by Physicians, Nurses in Hospitals, and persons of all classes and professions who have had opportunity for observing the wonderful results which have always followed its use.

No family can afford to be without it, and its price brings it within the reach of all.

The use of one bottle will go further to convince you of its merits than columns of newspaper advertising. Try it, and you will never do without it.

Price 35c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. You can obtain it at any drug-store or from

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I. feb14-eowtf

WELCOME NEWS!

The Cook Tree Protector!

First Class RESIDENT Agents wanted in every Town and City.

A new Company, organized for the introduction of a patent Oil Trough Tree Protector, is worthy the patronage of every person in the United States, who has shade or fruit trees. Their Protector, a cut of which is inclosed, is an absolute safeguard to the tree and its fruit, and by its use the fruit crop of the country will increase threefold. The terrible ravages by such vermin as the canker-worm, codling moth, tussock moth, caterpillar, curculio, bark lice, and other destructive pests, of late years, compel us to urge our friends to employ this, the only absolute protector of their orchards and ornamental trees. Below is the circular of the Company:

Those of our readers who have had their fruit and ornamental trees ruined by worms will be glad to know that they can be insured against further damage at a trifling cost, as will be seen by the following statement:

We present to the readers of the Ploughman for consideration our improved Patent Oil Trough Tree Protector, and submit the following rational reasons why every one owning shade, ornamental or fruit trees should use our invention:

1st. It is the only first-class tree protector, and is twenty per cent. cheaper than any other protection of inferior make.

2d. It absolutely protects the trees, where others fail or partially protect them.

3d. The tree is entirely protected, and so arranged that any inexperienced person can clean and refill with fresh oil.

4th. Kerosene Oil is used, hence the trees are not girdled or injured.

5th. Its construction is simple, efficacious and durable.

6th. The water shed and barrier are made very flexible, leaving the tree trunk exposed to the light and air.

7th. When once applied they only need to be kept clean and filled with oil, and will not be failed to perform all we claim for it when these indispensable rules are followed.

8th. It is so constructed as to be a perfect barrier against all kinds of vermin, such as the canker worm, codling moth, tussock moth, bark lice, caterpillars, curculio, etc., and when properly used the worm can make no lodgments for their nests.

This circular is given to show how efficacious our tree protector is by protecting trees, and orchards in close proximity to those destroyed by these pests. We submit these reasons, and know how fully we can sustain them by evidence in our possession.

Now is the time to protect your trees of all kinds. The price of our protector fifty cents up to five inches diameter, and ten cents for each additional inch in diameter of the protector, being twenty per cent. less than the prices of other and inferior protectors, and the repairs are merely nominal.

We refer to the following well known persons who have knowledge, by use or otherwise, of our Protectors: Marshall P Wilder, Pres. Mass. Horticultural Society, Dorchester; Arthur Blake of Blake Bros., Bankers, Brookline.

We solicit through our corps of experienced agents, or direct your orders, and will guarantee you good work at reasonable rates. The company are sole owners of all the patent oil-trough tree protectors in the United States, and are prepared to execute with promptness all orders for their application.

Address all orders to the OIL TROUGH TREE PROTECTOR COMPANY, 6 Central Street, Boston, Albert G Cook, Supt.

Notice! Special inducements offered to clubs. These Protectors received a special Premium of a Bronze Medal at the New England Fair, at Worcester. sept 11-13t

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Cash Fund, January 1, 1878, Over $320,000

Surplus over re-insurance $160,000. All losses paid in full. Dividends paid on every expiring policy; 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years and 20 per cent. on all others.

None but the safer classes of property written.

ISRAEL W. MONROE, President.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

BOSTON OFFICE, NO. 27 STATE STREET. Local Agencies in every town. jan3

TREES and VINES

Plants and Bulbs

BEST IN THE MARKET. CHEAP. Medlicy a specialty. Early Ohio Potatoes, Cheap. Agents Wanted. 15 years in the business. 40 acres. STRAWBERRY PLANTS by mail, $1.50 per 100. BEST IN THE WORLD. Descriptive Catalogue free. T. C. MEDLICY & CO., Rochester, N. Y. sep4-13t

Ho for Texas.

HOW any one rich or poor may obtain lands and a home in this State, 640 acres for $50 00; 320 acres for $25.00; 10,000,000 acres subject to location at above prices. 300,000 acres at $2 50 cts per acre cash and $7,500,000 acres of School lands at $1 per acre on 10 years credit; 160 acres homesteads free after 3 years residence. For further particulars and full information send $1 to C. H. MARRIOTT, Bourne, Kendall Co., Texas. oct9-2t

STERLING CHEMICAL WICK.

For Lamps and Oil Stoves. Best in the world. Sold everywhere. Don't fail to ask for it. sept1-13t

OUR ALBERTYPE ENGRAVINGS

Are the largest and finest reproductions of famous steel plate Engravings yet issued in this country. They are printed on 22x28 120 lb Tileston & Hollingsworth's best plate paper and are retailed by the Art stores at the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Catalogues mailed to any address.

On receipt of

FIFTY CENTS

in P. O. stamps,

We will forward to any address post-paid, 2 handsome Chromos, each 12x21 inches, one, a marine subject, called *The Winning-Yacht*; the other, an attractive Fruit Piece.

Portraits for TOWN HISTORIES, DIPLOMAS, Show Cards, Chrome Work, copies of Drawings, Architect's plans, maps and printing of every description by the

FORBES COMPANY, 181 Devonshire Street, BOSTON. ap10-tf

J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTONS

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT! Messrs. J. & P. COATS, Manufacturers of "J. & P. Coats' Best Six-Cord Spool Cotton" for Sewing Machines and Hand Sewing, in addition to perior Black & Spool Cotton, ed to the millions, are now producing Colors and Shades, *equal in gloss, high finish, brilliance, and deep pure tone*, to the *best Sewing Silk*. The variety and assortment of High Colors and Fancy Shades represented embrace all the Colorings now in Dress fabrics. In this extensive are Heliotrope, Gen d'Arme, Peacock, Cachmire, Sapphire, Prune Plum, Bronze, Scarlet, Dark Green, Cardinal, Rembrandt, Dark Garnet, Jasper, &c., and are on sale at leading stores.

new Fall so popular Included variety

sep20-4t

McPHAIL

Upright and Square PIANOS,

630 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANOS FOR SALE on Instalments. PIANOS TO RENT. SECOND-HAND PIANOS Exchanged for New. ap24

BEFORE BUYING OR RENTING AN ORGAN

Send for our LATEST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (32 pp. 4to), with NEWEST STYLES, at $51 and upward; or $6.36 per quarter, and up. Sent free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 46 E. 14th St., NEW YORK; 149 Wabash Av., CHICAGO. my29-52t

14 STOP ORGANS, SUB BASS & Oct. Coupler $65

Pianos $175 & upwards sent on trial. Catalogue Free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY Washington, N. J. nov8

GATES' GARGET CURE.

For the Cure and Prevention of Garget in Cattle.

Teats Partially Destroyed, Restored to their Natural Condition. Kernels in Teats or Udder Removed Speedily and Surely. All Stringy Substances or bunches in Bag removed by from 1 to 2 bottles. Blood or Sediment in Milk, from 1 dose to 1 bottle.

SOLD BY JOHN B. GATES, 17 Harvard St., WORCESTER, MASS.

If your medicine dealers do not keep the Garget Cure, send to the proprietor, at Worcester, for it. feb14-1f

SOLE TILE

SOLE TILE SQUARE TILE OCTAGON TILE.

For Underdraining Wet Lands. Quality strictly first class.

For sale in quantities to suit at lowest prices.

Also New England Agents for

AKRON SEWER AND DRAIN PIPE.

FISKE & COLEMAN, 72 Water St., Boston.

Send for Circulars jeb-26t

"AKRON" SOLE TILE

The best Tile manufactured, and Warranted not to crumble by frost or time. Sold in quantities to suit. Send for prices. D. W. LEWIS, 80 Water Street, Boston. Agent for Akron Sewer Pipe. sep11-9taspl4t

And DRAIN PIPE, all sizes, lowest prices. WALDO BROS., 57 Kilby St., BOSTON. sep11-13t

For Sale,

A first-class Ayrshire cow, seven years old,—without a fault; perfectly healthy; gives excellent milk and a large quantity. Is offered for sale, as the owner is going out of the State. Can be seen by calling on the owner Medford St., near Broadway, Winter Hill, Somerville. sep4-1f

The New White Grape "PRENTISS"

Early, vigorous grower, hardy. Very productive, best quality. Send for circular. The above is from an exact photograph of a branch by Geoffrey, Rochester, N. Y. Also the largest and best stock of Grape Vines in the country. Prices very low for dealers and large planters. Also trees and small fruits. Send stamp for descriptive catalogue. Price list free.

T. S. HUBBARD, Fredonia, N. Y. sep11-eow18t

SECOND HAND CARRIAGES.

A large assortment in all the leading styles, constantly on hand, many of them made by the best builders, and in perfect order.

SINGLE and DOUBLE HARNESSES, NEW AND SECOND-HAND, in all grades.

S. A. STEWART, 116, 118 & 120 SUDBURY ST., BOSTON. my8-26t

The Poet's Corner.

DO YOU KNOW!

BY MRS. HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK (NOW MRS. BIRD.)

"Yesterday we buried my pretty brown mare under the wild-cherry tree. End of poor Bess.

When a human being dies,
Seeming scarce so good and wise,
Scarce so high is scale of mind
As the horse he leaves behind,
"Lo," we cry, "the fleeting spirit
Doth a newer garb inherit;
Through eternity doth soar,
Growing, greatening, evermore."

But our beautiful dumb creatures
Yield their gentle, generous natures,
With their mute, appealing eyes,
Haunted by earth's mysteries,
Wistfully upon us cast,
Living, trusting to the last;
And we arrogantly say,
"They have had their little day,
Nothing of them but was clay."

Has all perished? Was no mind
In the graceful form enshrined?
Can the love that filled those eyes
With most eloquent replies,
When the glossy head, close pressing,
Grateful met your hands caressing,
Can the mute intelligence,
Baffling oft our human sense
With strange wisdom—buried be
Under the wild cherry-tree?
Are these elements that can spring
In a daisy's blossoming?
Or in long dark grasses wave
Plume-like o'er your favorite's grave?
Can they live in us and fade
In all else that God has made?

Is there aught of harm, believing
That some newer form receiving,
They may find a wider sphere,
Live a larger life than here?
That the neck, appealing eyes,
Haunted by strange mysteries,
Find a more extended field,
To new destinies unsealed;
Or that in the ripened prime
Of some far-off summer time,
Ranging that unknown domain,
We may find our pets again?

Ladies' Department.

REV. MR. BLAND'S WRESTLE WITH THE CHESTER WHITE HOG.

[Harper's Magazine for November.]

The scene of the Rev. Mr. Bland's trial lies among the Salt River hills, Kentucky, with a homely but picturesque village nestled in the low farming lands, which begin on the north bank, the limbo of politicians, and slope off into the Ohio basin. Handsome country-seats adorn the spurs of adjacent hills, and overlook the checker-board verdure of field and fallow, with the soft blue velvet knobs falling away, south and west, at either hand. The Ohio River has burst its way through the range, forming a beautiful cluster of sand and rocky islets, or more fertile tracts, in the rapids, which are fast wasting away under the grand trowels of the water-shed. But as we follow the little tributary we meet the contrast of wild and rugged scenery of hill, dale, and river lying contiguous to arable and pasture, to which the pleased imagination gives the name of the Picturesque. A certain unexpectedness adds to the charm of contrasts in travel through this region, which, indeed, is best pursued with dog and gun. Now we come on farms lusty in tilth, the partridge whirring in the stubble, and wide-open barns bursting with harvest; then a turn brings us upon scenes of wild, untutored beauty, spoiled by the woodman's axe or Macadam's invention of road-bed, out of which suddenly the wild glens develop a stately villa, embroidered with walks, drives, shrubbery, and fair pavilions set in the lonely forest. Crossing the various tributaries of Floyd's Fork, Long Run, Harrod's Creek, and classic Beargrass, we meet continuous examples of the physical law that ascribes to each watershed its own peculiar features, till, from a gentle acclivity, the characteristic unexpectedness develops the broad, squared avenues, the stately roofs, chimneys, and cupolas of the city of Louisville. The same prevailing spirit of contrast re-appears in a population in which the highest culture associates with rural simplicity; or humility preserves its savage characteristics among the rough, lawless charcoal-burners of the Wet Woods.

It has been many years since I looked upon these scenes, once so familiar to my boyish sports; yet they lie before the mind's eye as vivid as the soft, half tropical beauty of foliage that meets my daily walks. Many pleasing reminiscences of books and men and boyish playfellow have knitted themselves into the embroidery of these old home scenes; and it pleases my fancy to reflect that the subjective sensation still remains, as vivid to my imagination as if I were actually to look on them again, and more harmonious. Indeed, without the sensitive receptive faculty of the boyish heart, I fear the new impressions would come like a blurred photograph that disfigures more than it represents. Nothing is more dangerous than revisiting scenes on which memory too fondly dwells; for if we do not find saddening changes in the scenes themselves, we are sure to find them in the altered feeling in ourselves with which we look upon them.

The Rev. Mr. Bland was assigned to the village church in one of these neighborhoods, about the time it suffered a loss in the death of the Hon. James Griffin, formerly member of Congress from the district. The reverend gentleman was rather a difficult disciplinarian for the gentle and forbearing Methodist Episcopal Church, but he had delivered his famous sermon on the prophecies of Daniel, and the city churches in which he had been alternated for many years were reluctant to lose the services of a preacher of such piety and scholarship. But the good man had lost his wife a short time before, and was anxious for a change. He brought with him his daughter Estella, no less an acquisition to the young people than her father proved to be to the society of her elders.

He bore with composure the pacudo-enthusiasm which welcomes every new-comer, and gradually established himself in the confidence of the select body of reflecting persons capable of understanding his practical and mathematical theory of the prophecies. A part of his congregation did, indeed, look upon him a little coldly, as a Presbyterian in disguise; and one loose fish, of no Church at all, objected that Rev. Mr. Bland wanted every one to wear his Sunday-go-to-meetin's-a-week clothes; but the regularity of habit, he thought, few even of churchgoers could afford. As usual, there was a leaven of justice in these criticisms. Mr. Bland inclined to severity in discipline, and his habits of accurate thought led him to election and predestination in theory.

But the mild gospel which, in America at least, grows out of an abstract indifference of doctrine was soon lost in the keener sense of a rumor which connected his name with the relict of the late Mr. Griffin—a very interesting and wealthy widow lady of the neighborhood. There could be no inequality in a marriage between a gentleman of probity, piety, and reputation, and the widow of the late Representative in Congress, however ample her dower, and his congregation viewed it with satisfaction, as a means of attaching him to them. But others, connected with the lady, objected, from chiefly interested motives. Mrs. Miller, *nee* Sally Sampson, wife of Robert Miller, the lady's brother, was the principal of these. My neighbor Tom Gwynn—a hearty, manly fellow—said that Mrs. Sally ordered up the junior of Miller, Sampson, and Co., Mr. Job Newsants, from the counting-house as she would order a horse from the stables, and came down to make a Sabine marriage. It was good as a play to hear Tom swear out his prejudices about Mrs. Sally. He said she had traded on Hon. James Griffin's influence, and filled her sideboard full of china and silver as presents, until she drove him out of politics. Then she had borrowed his wife's inheritance of the Colonel to put in her husband's business, "because, you know, dear, you never gave Robert Miller anything when you *had* influence." "She got at him about our investments in wild land," laughed Tom; "said it was wicked, and quoted the parable of the buried talent on us. I offered to put up the monument to Jim myself," added Tom Gwynn, "if they'd let me write the inscription—'Died of a Sally Sampson.'"

"What sort of a person is this gentleman? what is his name?" I asked.

"Nuisance," blurted out Tom, stretching his long arm out for the flask. We had stopped to lunch at Rock Spring while partridge shooting. "A confounded nuisance. There are men, Will—and they fill no undistinguished places in the world—who find a corner in the midst of its most audacious ventures, and yet take no risk. *Messieurs, faites votre jeu*, is content with the sure per cent. of the table. That's the fellow, by the croupier's face of him. And that woman—oh Lord!" he ejaculated. "She heard of the parson's visits of condolence—I hope he may get her—and she just lit down on the poor woman: 'Robert Miller could not come. I've just run down to see how you are getting on. It must be right pleasant to have things your own way, and nobody to hinder.'"

"Come, old fellow," said I, "that is too strong—congratulating a woman on the death of her husband: draw it mild."

"Not a bit," said Gwynn, "Nelly heard it. Depend on it, Sally Sampson did not think it a shocking speech. It suited her to have poor Jim out of the way, and it must be so to everybody. Besides, there was more of it, Nelly told me. 'You'll like Job Newsants,' was her next speech. 'So much dignity, force of character. Just the husband for Emma,' I said. You know, if you or I had gone on in that style to Emma Griffin six weeks after poor Jim died, she would have dropped off in hysterics. But what's the use? The poor thing, with forty chattels of her own on the place, was wondering who would take Mr. Newsants' horse, and what in the deuce Aunt Abby in the kitchen would find for these people to eat. Oh, Em has got to marry. She can't manage that place. I hope Mr. Bland will come to time. What is he holding back for?"

Why, indeed? It was no use for the widow to try to defend herself, or to deny herself to Mr. Newsants. He would be rolled in on his casters by Mrs. Sally, and his merits as an article of furniture cracked up in the bagman's plainest prose. It was certainly time for a protector to appear.

But there was a burden on the spirits of Mr. Bland which deprived him of that airy lightness necessary to captivate the butterfly of a lady's affection. It was not his daughter Estella, for Mr. George Shanklin was anxious to relieve him of that incumbrance. Neither was it the prevalence of heretical opinion in mesmerism and table-tipping necromancy. Nor did it grow out of his interpretation of the Book of Daniel, by which the heaven was to be rolled up like a scroll at a period significant of nothing worse than the rolling up of the Southern rebellion. Neither was it that the want of a riding-horse gave his visits on an animal at livery too much the appearance of a shopboy's holiday.

No: his difficulties were of far too serious a character to spring from wounded vanity, or morbid self-consciousness. It was of the kind that lies down with one and gets up with him. It was of the malicious I-don't-know-what-to-do-with-you kind.

"This sort of grief
Cannot find in religion the slightest relief,"

or the Rev. Mr. Bland would have found it. It was too ridiculously insignificant and contemptible to think about; and he could think about nothing else. Yet he did not dare mention it, or even hint of it, for fear of ridicule. It did not touch his conscience or moral character, it affected no one but himself, and yet it was no physical defect or obliquity. It would injure him in the good opinion of no one if known, yet it lowered him in his own eyes, and rebuked his whole life for a want of charitableness for the weakness or foibles of others. It arose up in judgment, and turned his own intellectual skill against him, whipping through any casuistry with which he would shield himself. Moreover, it degraded him in his own eyes, as a man and a gentleman, to feel how severely the contemptible insignificance preyed upon him. It was a pig.

One of his parishioners, soon after his coming to the village, had presented him with a Chester White pig. Mr. Bland had been bred in the city, and his life had been passed in cities. The country and its primitive habits he knew only through the mirage of his reading; and those of the latter life as full of rural simplicity, and healthful occupations among the flocks and herds. From the Bucolis Thomson's "Seasons" the ideal felicities of such an existence had gone on ripening, in the turmoil of the city, until, indeed, it became the motive in him which had influenced the Conference to locate him among such scenes. The pig, therefore, was an expression, a realization to the preacher's mind, of many vague, half-poetic longings for a pastoral life: it was the thing itself incarnate, and he rejoiced in it. It was such a plump, full-bodied, clearly pig. It was an intelligent pig, and subject to the gentler influences. He bragged about it, and turned the conversation to stock-raising in order to bring it in.

He had time to repent. That pig had not been appreciated. Vulgar minds had only regarded his perishable flesh, and kept him pent up, neglectful of his higher instincts. Now he was allowed to curl his tail over his back, and show the prococious daring of an original investigator in the natural sciences. As a horticulturist he was of the radical school, but, with a catholicity of spirit worthy of the philosopher, he pushed his researches into all branches that bore fruit. Cauliflower and columbine were alike gone into; and he left no subject until he had gotten to its roots, and digested them fully.

After investigation of some forty or fifty dollars' worth of rare exotics, a paling fence divided the front and back premises. This gave quite a new interest to the life of the wife and the family. Often between the heads of his discourse the question of the pig's probable presence in the front yard crossed the preacher's mind. If it rendered the sermon somewhat desultory and disconnected, it schooled him in processes of carrying on two trains of thought simultaneously. Sometimes he was distracted by mental debate over the feasibility of climbing the fence on his return home, in preference to opening the gate, at hazard of having the pig run between his legs, as was sometimes its habit of an afternoon. It would cause him to give a troubled look to the pew where his daughter sat with Mr. George Shanklin, in devout attention, and perhaps suggest the fence on the ground that the young people to precede him—a sort of offering up of his children to that Moloch of a pig. In charity to such evil-minded promptings, let it be said that Mr. Shanklin and his daughter exhibited the most complete indifference upon the subject, as if unconscious of the existence of such a creature; or if the animal, by a spirit of diligent inquiry, did force itself upon attention, the young gentleman contented himself with compliments to its owner upon its fine condition. It comforted the father to discover such reckless courage in one so young, but it did not hurt the pig.

Denied the prospect of the front yard, the animal gave way to no vain repining, but cultivated a talent for opening gates and doors. The statement of a neighboring truant that it, learned to climb a tree, in order to rob an apple orchard, lacks confirmation in its details. But it could insert its tough membranous rooter under a door, like a hand, and by leverage of neck and shoulders throw the valve off latch, and proceed to investigate the dough tray or pan of rusk, left to rise against the close of service. Sometimes it was the pantry; and its investigations included the consumptive and digestive labor of weeks in a single afternoon—so thrifty is a wise economy in household affairs.

As this intelligent animal grew in size and spirit, it comprehended the Shakspearean adage, "Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wit," and declined to limit its faculties. If a neighbor ventured to set a pail of slops for the evening cow, this sagacious animal threw its nose in the air, grunted, and, by gate, lane, and across lots, proceeded to investigate. It was equally unerring on a potato hill, and invariably turned up in the right place, until its impartial investigations left a general appearance of ploughed ground. Indeed, it threatened to create a village famine; for though it could not climb a tree, it was currently charged with shaking down the fruit; and no gate, fence, or hedge could stay its active industry, no cunning secreting foil its elaborate research. The fame of so enterprising and sagacious an animal spread far and wide, and came back to its happy possessor in the shape of various shaken heads and fists.

The good gentleman began to be timid, and not easy in mind about his sacred duties—terribly embarrassed in his exhortations to penitence and amendment. How could he preach the divine law of returning good for evil, when it seemed like asking perpetual license for the ravages of that terrible, impenitent pig? How could he speak to the widow of resignation to the Divine will, or the particular way in which widows may take comfort, when he felt that a whole neighborhood described him to her as "a man as fats his hogs off'n other folk's garden sass"? He knew they did, for—*et, tu, Brute*—the very neighbor who had given him that frightful beast had addressed those very words to him that forenoon. As you take the fair Esmeralda by the hand, and look into her divine eyes, just fancy that she has that character of you strictly defined in her mind, and then go on with your pretty talk if you can.

This explains that curious reluctance of which Tom Gwynn had complained. Soon after, he was called into the case. Not by Mr. Bland—in whom was the stubborn blood of the martyrs, or rather the stoic spirit of the American Indian that dies and makes no sign—but by the widow. She was sure something preyed on his mind. She had asked Estella, but the young lady had interests of her own that occupied her entirely. Mr. Bland had not been at Dunhopen for a month. Would I see him, and try to draw him out, and say how glad Mrs. Griffin would be to see him, etc?

Love is, I believe, much like the whooping-cough, or measles, that passes lightly over the young, who are liable to a second or seventy-second attack; but as we get older our less flexible organization quivers with it; it enrheums the eyes, shakes the larynx and vocal organs, and hangs on desperately. The widow had my entire sympathy. She was forty, and did not look thirty; and her daughter Lucy—Of course I was interested.

But I was like a physician who has not the confidence of his patient, nor a single symptom by which to diagnose the case. He gave a sickly smile and blush at my message from the pretty widow at Dunhopen, and said he was physically well, and would call to relieve Mrs. Griffin's friendly anxiety.

But he failed to do so. He had begun to be superstitious about the hog. He would hear of ravages committed by that ubiquitous animal at opposite extremities of the village at the very time when he had the rational evidence of his own senses that it had broken into his store-room and made havoc of his provisions.

He had not butchered the brute, partly because it was too much fresh meat for his little family, and partly because he was city bred, and thought it a proper and creditable thing to raise and cure his own meat, like a country gentleman. Had he been country bred, he would have thought little of such economy; but it is a confession of our poor humanity to think other lives finer than our own, and try to imitate them.

In the mean while the situation of the widow in her straitened garrison was becoming really desperate. Tom Gwynn had not exaggerated in speaking of it as a Sabine marriage. As the reader may be incredulous about the ability to entrap a middle-aged, discreet lady, having a contrary preference, into a match against her will, it may be better to give the exact detail, as explained later by my old chum Tom Griffin, who was then in Europe, and confirmed by his sister Lucy and Nelly Gwynn.

Sally Sampson was a sharp, energetic little woman, of sandy hair and complexion, and gray eyes, in one of which was a brown or chestnut spot as large as a pin's head, as if that color had splashed into the iris.

Mrs. Griffin had been drifting, by a series of civilities, into a sort of forced confidence with her sister-in-law and her confederate. The three were in the sitting room at Dunhopen, the ladies having some pretence of needle-work, and Mr. Newsants sitting, with that croupier's face on him, watching the game, when Mrs. Sally made her great *coup*.

"Now, Mr. Newsants," said she, "Emma and I have been talking business; and there is a matter in which Emma is directly interested, on which we want your candid opinion."

The croupier is politely willing to explain the rules of the game. Mrs. Griffin is in a flutter, as if asked to stake down on the double zero. She looks to the door, as if meditating flight; but there are her guests.

"Now about those wild lands, Mr. Newsants. Will you please to explain that?" continues Mrs. Sally.

"Certainly, madam;" and he turns and explains in a clear and incisive way to the widow.

"The original investment was a very prudent one; the lands were bought in at a nominal rate of one dollar and a quarter. Colonel Griffin had them examined by an expert, and they developed coal and iron. He might have sold to advantage then. He did better. He fostered a railroad enterprise through them; the lands have gone up cent. per cent. But they have reached the maximum. The object of the investment is accomplished. Had Colonel Griffin lived, he would have realised; that remains to be done, and it can be done at once, while the securities are steady."

"What I like about Mr. Newsants is, he is so clear and impartial," interpreted the chorus. "Now, sir, what do you think about Emma's future? She can't stay in this poky place among idle, insolent blacks."

"It is not necessary," responded he. "With capital from these wild lands, and the sale of her Southern plantation and slaves on account of the unsettled political condition of the South, her income will exceed her expenditure. Especially, on Miss Lucy's account, investments should be such as to relieve her mother of care, that she might take personal charge of the young lady."

"Just what I told Emma," interrupted Mrs. Sally. "Will you sacrifice your children for this poky place and its lazy blacks? And there's Timothy! Must he come home from the court of St. Jeemes's and the Tooleries to that sort of thing!"

"Under the arrangements, Mr. Tim Griffin can exercise his own pleasure," said the croupier. "His mother's investments in pork and tobacco will enable her to make his allowance very ample."

"So that is what I call considerate," said Mrs. Sally, stealing her arm about the widow as she closed the trap. "Every true mother must think of those dear ones first; and it is noble and like Mr. Newsants to think of them and make that so clear. But now, Mr. Newsants, about Emma herself. She can't mope in things; she must have some one she can trust. You understand me—some honorable, upright man of established business character, that her family knows and trusts, in order to perfect security. Robert Miller will never consent to less than that, for dear Emma's sake."

As he made the final *coup*, the game-sister's face was as cold and impassive as ever, but a shade paler; for the stake in the widow's hands might touch a quarter of a million. He spoke, however, in the same cool, incisive tone: "I shall be very happy to devote myself to Mrs. Griffin and her interests entirely. I shall see that her tastes and preferences are consulted, and her intentions about the children and the disposal of her property shall remain as completely in her own hands as in her widowhood. I shall be satisfied to have secured her person and happiness by the arrangement."

"I am sure" hesitated the widow, not a little puzzled by this courtship of the third person singular, "I am sure, I—I—I forget, what she was to say, or what it all meant—"I am sure you are very obliging; and Tim and Lucy, and perhaps—"

"Perhaps they should be informed," interrupted Mrs. Sally, stringing these fragments on a meaning of her own. "You dear Em! How prettily embarrassed! Mr. Newsants ought to be a very happy man." At which the widow looked down, blushing, more scared and embarrassed than ever; and Mrs. Sally fell to kissing her, as if that feature of the queer courtship must be done by proxy too. "But," she added, "I just knew you two would suit; and I am so glad it has turned out so well." After which she kept up such a rattle as to leave the widow no time for remonstrance or reflection, until Mr. Newsants took his hat, and with a stiff bow relieved her of his presence. He had seemed the same impassive watcher of the game; but out-of-doors he stopped and breathed short, as if he had been running.

"Your brother will be so glad!" began her sister-in-law.

"But, Sally—" interrupted the widow.

"Of course he'll call to-morrow—"

"But, Sally—" repeated the widow.

"—and see you alone," said Mrs. Sally.

"But I don't want to see him," cried the widow. "I want you to see him, and say—"

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing," said Mrs. Sally, who knew very well the widow wanted to revoke, but lacked the courage; "and now I am going to write your brother all about it."

Left to herself, the widow became frantic with apprehension of being married, in spite of herself, to the wrong man. I got a civil note requesting me to ask Rev. Mr. Bland to call, and a second missive went to Gwynn's. It did not find Tom Gwynn, but it found the only match for Mrs. Sally Sampson the country-side afforded—Nelly Gwynn. The strategy of that young heroine, however, has nothing to do with the Rev. Mr. Bland's experiences. He was sufficiently moved by this second request to order that the hog should be butchered; that is, he sent for an expert to do execution.

It only led to another disappointment The expert in the business was a shifty trick of rogue, who lived somewhere up in Breakneck Gap, known as Old Joe Bumponlog. Indeed, I find so much to admire in old Joe, I wonder I did not choose him for my hero rather than the Chester White. Everything that came to old Joe was a trade. If a cow strayed into his bunch of cattle, he explained that he got her in trade. If an owner set up an adverse claim, he was required to identify the animal in beef; for old Joe had her hide at the tan-yard in about the time it took to take off his own ragged coat. Old Joe never broke into houses, or waylaid travellers on the highway; and he could barely write his own name, much less forge another's. He just traded—mostly in cows or beef cattle, though he might deal a little in horseflesh, or even poultry, if it came in his way.

He was always to be seen on the poor old sore-backed horse, with a ragged flap saddle, or driving a rickety old wagon with splints out of the sides, and a bit of broken plank for a tail-board. He would stop in the road to pick up a horseshoe or a bit of bridle, which he threw into the "kyart." Nor, to be candid, was this thrift restricted to the highway. He could do the same in your barn-yard, content even with waifs of more value, which he "lowed warn't no use to nobody, nohow."

In season, he borrowed ploughs and hoes and rakes, and kept them, by that curious function of trade. He would have borrowed a steam locomotive, if he could have found a lender, and converted it into irrecognizable value, by way of trade. He was much about the court-house, and could tell shrewd stories of lawyers and judges, if he would; but these experiences he was a little shy of revealing.

Old Joe had his weakness: he soaked. That is the local definition. He carried a flat green glass flask of the vilest distillation in a ragged pocket, of which he partook raw, without any vanities of water or ice, as he jogged along on his poor old jade. At times this habit got the better of him, and he lay snoozing in the mud, while the old horse picked grass at the road-side, but never offered to leave him. They were very much alike, old Joe and the sore-backed horse. These slips were not common. Generally he soaked and kept his wits, picking up odd, out-of-the-way theories, which, by some mental process, he appropriated to himself, as if he had got them in trade. It often surprised strangers, and even old acquaintances, how much there was in that muddled old head. He had theories of sowing and ploughing and harvesting and butchering and pruning and transplanting, and the weather and the moon, and the power of yarbs, in which, indeed, he was quite a pharmacopœia, and made you think he might have been something if he liked, only he didn't, except to be old Joe. But at all times, drunk or sober, he was the same sly, unscrupulous, but not unkindly or ill-natured old Ishmaelite. His existence had become a habit, if not a necessity, to the neighborhood. He could physic a dog, take the hooks out of a horse's eyes, or cure glanders. He could make rabbit traps and partridge nets, and his clumsy old fingers could manage a salmon-fly that seemed bewitched, it was so lucky. Besides all these, he was the neighborhood butcher, by which your Southern readers understand the one who undertakes to supply fresh meat, and does not do it.

To be entirely consistent, old Joe did not come as he had promised; but Mr. Bland was in earnest by this time, and renewed his application until the slinking old pariah was brought to book. Old Joe stopped and looked at the brute, with his elbows on his ragged knees, and the stump of a whip-stock protruding, only to pronounce the hog too young, and that the pork would be too green or measly; of which the poor victim only understood it would be highly improper to butcher it.

"Wy, that air's a Chester White," added old Joe. "He ain't got more'n half his size yit. Wait a bit; he'll be too big to git in a door, an' meat enough to do ye more'n half a year."

About the meat was all very well; but the fable that the Cheshire White could not go through any door was a greater miracle than any recorded in Mr. Bland's Bible. It did not have to lift now; it just brushed the door off the hinges, and went grunting in differently through the splinters. It did grow. It swelled visibly before his very eyes, like a blown bladder. He and his daughter had given up. If they heard the hog coming, they snatched whatever could be saved, and fled. The Chester White had taken the parsonage.

Good Mr. Bland never forgot it. He carried the whole tremendous gross weight of the hog on his conscience night and day, and yet by no word or sign did he betray, even to his daughter, how cruel the burden was, or what subject of meditation so engrossed his thoughts. She could but see the change, but she put it down to any cause but the right one. A weaker man would have compounded, or the minister gave no sign.

It might be too curious a speculation to analyze his feelings at this time, but certainly they were double. In one was the clear common-sense view that regarded the matter as certainly annoying, perhaps vexatious, but too trifling a concern to entertain serious thought over. The other felt the animal to be the breed of the evil spirit, once assigned to such, and sent especially to try him. It did try him. He felt that it had tested him in every point in which he had felt strong, and he had proved fragile as a reed. It rebuked him. He began to think he had mistaken his calling. There must be something inherently vicious in one in whose hand so familiar and harmless an animal had become terrible, and in trusting himself with a horse, he did not dare think of it. One brute was enough. A horse in his hands would murder half the village.

He never forgot it. If he thought of his views of the prophecies or of Dunhopen and its fair owner once, he thought of the hog a thousand times. He felt it always, and went about this thing and that, and made the villagers hate him, and talk ill of him to one another. It was not fatal; it was not so kind. It was like the itch—something to cause him to be avoided, to be misjudged. It was something loathsome that isolated him from kindly and familiar nature, and set him apart in a kind of moral leprosy, and yet its hideousness, ridiculousness, and contemptible character deprived him even of the vanity of martyrdom. To affect it would be equally profane and contemptible. He began to look forward to the first fruit of hog-killing time like a yellow-fever patient in a Southern hospital; and he secluded himself in the interval, in order to avoid the sermons of patronizing sympathy because he was unable to compose a sermon at the time; but his prayers grew to be the fervent and passionate appeals of a broken and contrite heart. It was impossible to hear them without being strongly, even painfully, moved. The suspicion of Phariseeism, peculiar to a pure and rigidly exact nature, was all gone. Wise and good he was before, he was now humbled, more penitent Christian in the congregation. At length the frost came, with a cold snap, and he sent for old Joe, and old Joe delayed. But the preacher would put up with no procrastination in the matter. In rather more cheerful frame of mind, he borrowed a neighbor's horse, and set out in search of old Joe's equivocal quarters.

He lived in a remote corner of Break neck Gap—a rocky ravine that turned a flare edge over the hill-tops from the village below. His cabin stood shouldered against the cliffs, with Dame Bumponlog's wash-kettle at the spring branch in the hollow. He found the master of the house sitting on the stoop, and opened the subject of his neglect.

"But ye ain't noticed it's light o' the moon," said old Joe.

"What has that got to do with hog-killing?" asked the preacher.

"D'ye want the meat all for to run to lard?" was the Socratic rejoinder.

"N-no," said Mr. Bland, "certainly not. Why?"

"Less'n ye kill an' cure in dark o' the moon, the fat all runs to grease," was the sententious reply.

"I don't understand," said Mr. Bland.

"The moon does oodles high-larnt men durstn't know," said old Joe. "When d'ye sot out seedlin's?"

"In the spring, I suppose," said Mr. Bland.

"But what time o' the moon?" insisted old Joe.

"I don't set them in the moon," said the other, quizzically.

"Ye put 'em out light o' the moon, long sass, light o' the moon; short sass, dark o' the moon," said old Joe, gravely.

"There is nothing in Holy Writ or common-sense for the opinion," said Mr. Bland.

"Light, light," insisted the hospitable Ishmaelite, as he proceeded to explain. "The moon's loaded stone, you'll 'low?"

"Loaded stone!" repeated the puzzled divine.

"Wot picks up nails an' needles," explained old Joe. "Chunks out'n it, airy lights, has lit down onto the yea'th, an' they're all loaded stones."

"Oh, loadstone," said the preacher.

"Ay. Loaded stone i' the moon draws the water: you'll 'low that?" insisted the philosopher.

"You mean the tides?" the minister ventured to guess.

"Yes, sir. An' it draws the sap into the tree, and busts out in leaf, an' draws the grease outen the fat, ef ye kill light o' the moon," said old Joe; and he was going to set forth his theory in detail, but Mr. Bland interrupted him to insist on having the butchering done at once.

"I 'lowed you'd wait tel dark o' the moon," said Joe; "but seein' as it is, I'll be down tomorrornexday," running it curiously into one word. "Ye done got the trough an' kettles a'ready?"

"Why, no," said the preacher; "but I suppose I can borrow."

"Well, have the critter penned," said old Joe, "agin I get thar, an hour by sun."

Mr. Bland rode off, a little distrustful of the penning, but satisfied withal. Then, as his spirits rose in prospect of relief, he laughed over old Joe's philosophies about the moon, and being in high good-humor, ventured to call on the widow. I do not know what passed, only Mrs. Sally found her yielding sister-in-law suddenly stubborn, and like to take the bit in her teeth. In desperation, she ventured to work upon the widow's superstitious fears through table-tipping. It caused another urgent message, and again Mr. Bland failed to appear. It was only the masterly strategy of Nelly Gwynn that finally routed the hitherto indomitable sister-in-law. But the reader is more interested in knowing what new development robbed Mr. Bland of his courage in such a crisis.

The household of the preacher were up betimes. The hog was lured into a cover by cabbage stalks and pot liquor, and duly fenced in with rails and beams. The trough and kettle were borrowed, and the water heated.

Mr. Bland, in his study, had taken up the subject of the prophecies where he had left it when this huge incubus bore him down. It was a bright, cool, fall day, just right for pork butchering, and as he contemplated regaining his popularity, he felt his hopes and spirits rise. He had borne it all in silence and without a murmur. Surely this world does not know its martyrs or martyrdoms. How the most insignificant trifle may cause more settled, continuous wretchedness than many great calamities! The crossness of a husband, the pevishness of a wife, the pertness of a girl, or, less than that, some petty habit of eating or sleeping—all of these may at some time play the part of the Chester White hog, and be the pebble in the shoe through all our daily walks. But Mr. Bland had borne his cross, and the hour of relief had come. He felt as if his nature was swept and purified. He took up his theory at that point in which, by incontrovertible mathematic solution, he established an epochal identity in the periods of prophetic weeks to the equinoctial and solstitial points of the Great Year, so to fix the apocalyptic dates and periods with a precision and verity never before attempted. Love and fame should be his future handmaids. At the moment, his daughter Estella came tripping into his study to say that Mr. Bumponlog had come, and wished to see him. He came down smiling, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a thought of quizzing this same learned Theban a little upon his lunacies.

Old Joe was in shirt sleeves, a great wooden-hafted knife in his hand. He spoke first: "You air a high-larnt man; I 'lowed you'd better see this here critter you calls a hog."

What did the fellow mean? But Mr. Bland stiffened his cartilage to resist any more humbugging, and followed to the pen.

"You 'lowed it were a hog," getting over into the inclosure and kicking the lazy brute till it grunted and rose to its feet.

"A hog!" repeated the preacher, wondering if the fellow would pronounce it a rhinoceros, or the great behemoth itself, lying under the shady trees, whose nose piercceth through snares.

"Yes, hoss," repeated old Joe, "you 'lowed it were a hog. But it air a sow, an' a brood sow at that. I 'low no man is a Christian, an' a preacher to boot, don't 'low for to kill a brood sow in litter. Why, the meat 'ud be good for nuthin'; an' the onnaturalness on it!"

Mr. Bland was far too meek a man to invoke, "Wait a bit; he'll be too big to git in a door, an' meat enough to do ye more'n half a year."

"But," said the frightened widow, "he can bring it back when you are done with it. Stella told me you prized it very highly. It shall be taken care of, or brought back, if you wish."

"No, no, thank you—that is, do as you please. I beg pardon." He was very much agitated. He walked up and down, stopped at the dish of curds, and tasted it, and then turned to the wondering woman. "I beg your pardon. I believe—I am sure—you have saved my life, or at least my reason. If the devotion of a whole life—"

I don't know exactly what followed, for I got an impression that there was one person too many in the room, and could not resist a suggestion that it was myself. But Rev. Mr. Bland did not resign the ministry—at least not at that time—and he did marry the widow Griffin.

SOME FIRST THINGS IN BOSTON.

INTERESTING EVENTS AND THE DATE OF THEIR OCCURRENCE.

1630—July 8. First thanksgiving for safe arrival of the settlers.

1630—July 30. Fast day on account of severe sickness.

1630—Aug. 23. Court of assistants, on board Arabella, at Charlestown.

1630—Oct. 19. First General Court held at Boston. One hundred and eight persons desire to be admitted freemen.

1630—Nov. 9.—Court of assistants at Boston. Gov. Winthrop takes up his residence in Boston.

1631—March 16. First fire in Boston, at noon this day.

1632—August. First meeting house built, on what is now the corner of State and Devonshire streets.

1634—March 4. Samuel Cole opens a house of public entertainment on King street.

1634—John Coyans opens an English goods store on King street.

1634—Sept. 1. Town records commenced.

1636—Treaty with Narraganett Indians by Gov. Vane.

1637—September. Selectmen receive pay.

1639. First printing at Cambridge—an almanac and freeman's oath, by Stephen Daye.

1642—Three ships built this summer.

1648—Margaret Jones hanged for witchcraft.

1652—Mint established for coining silver money.

1654—Fire engine built at Lynn, by Joseph Jenks.

1656—Quakers came to Boston.

1659—Town house built.

1661—William Leddra, the first Quaker hanged.

1669—Coaches introduced and used.

1673—First wharf built.

1674—John Foster sets up printing press in Boston.

1689—Paper money used in New England.

1702—By-laws of the town printed.

1717—A fire society was formed, which continued many years.

1725—Boars numerous within two miles.

1730—Use of prayer at funerals introduced in the case of Sarah Leverett, second wife of Judge Byfield.

1750—First theatrical exhibition given at the Coffee House on King street.

1766—Horse racing on the Common complained of.

1770—First ox roasted on the Common.

☞ Always remember that no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in a point of fact, unharmed.

NORTH WIND IN AUTUMN.

BY ANNA HEAD.

I woke at midnight, when the moon was low
And every star shone strangely still and clear;
And my heart sank within me, love, to hear,
Over the breathless earth, that solemn, slow,
Mysterious, warm wind begin to blow.
Over vast plains it wanders, lifeless, sere,
Where no green thing remains; and to my ear
It is the wind of death. Some night, I know
That wind will be a voice of utter woe,
When I lie staring out upon the drear,
Dead waste of life, where you are not. But oh,
You shall not go alone, and leave me here!
Lay your dear hand in mine, my love, and so
Let us go forth *together* when we go.

—*Atlantic Monthly for November.*

HANGED.

A TRUE STORY.

The trial and all its stirring incidents, and war of words, and strife of intellectual skill was ended, the jury had returned their verdict of guilty, the judge had pronounced the judgment of the law upon the verdict, and I had been reconveyed to my prison cell a condemned criminal—condemned to die in less than one month from that day. I had no fault to find with either the court, counsel, or jury. I was not even taken by surprise at the result. I do not see even now how a different result could have been attained; I had in fact expected it—looked for it, did not dare to hope for anything otherwise; yet, when I attempted to comprehend the actual fact, the real condition in which I stood to the law, to my family, to myself; and more than all these, to the great hereafter, I was appalled, stunned, and found my mind utterly incapable of grasping the situation with vigor or distinctness. This may have been an exhibition of weakness in me, or it may not—I do not know; but I seemed to be intellectually in the same situation as the man who receives a stunning blow upon the head, by which his physical powers are for a time suspended. Thus it was with me all of that long night; I saw—but the simple naked fact that on the fifteenth day of October I must die a shameful death; I do not think that I knew or cared for anything else for many hours. I did not moan, I did not weep, there was not the tremor of a nerve, or the twitching of a muscle, in my frame. It was not physical weakness; I do not think it was want of mental strength; I was simply benumbed by the facts which lay before me, that in strong health, animated by the vigor of young life, I should be held in duress until the appointed day; that these men whom I had known for years, to whom I had done no wrong, who were not animated to their action by any feeling of ill-will towards me, should bind me with cords, should take me, thus bound, into the presence of many people, and there, thus bound and helpless, they should strangle me to death. All this was so cold blooded, so cowardly, so execrable, as to be entirely incomprehensible; yet I felt and knew this was to be done—was to be a part of actual facts to occur, actually to occur, and beyond this, for a time, I knew nothing. Reflection upon it since and now, it seems to me that I had an indistinct idea of dissatisfaction arising from the fact that I should be only a passive actor in the thrilling drama in which I was to be the principal figure. If I could only have been an active, striving participant in the affair—if I could have exerted my own terrible energies—these wild, fierce energies—my great strength—in producing the catastrophe, I think I should have felt otherwise—should have better endured—perhaps even enjoyed the thing—but as it was, simply to endure overwhelmed me. I may be wrong in this idea, for all the phenomena of my mind at that time are as indistinct to my mental vision as would be a form moving in the darkness to the physical sight.

I mention this my condition during the first night after condemnation, not as a circumstance of any material importance, but as one of the links in the chain of strange mental phenomena which continued to present themselves during the intervening time at and after the supposed final catastrophe.

Toward morning I had some disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, and not until the third night did I obtain repose, and awake in the mor